

FINEST OF THE WHEAT

**MALE
CHORUS**

EDITED BY
GEO. D. ELDERKIN
C. C. McCABE
J. N. R. SWENEY
W. J. KIRKPATRICK

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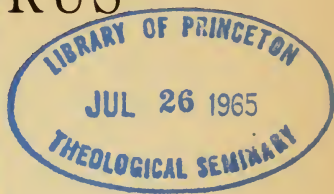
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FINEST OF THE WHEAT MALE CHORUS



EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN

C. C. McCABE JOHN R. SWENEY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



R. R. McCABE & CO., PUBLISHERS
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

PREFACE.

IN obedience to a popular demand for an arrangement for Male Voices of the many choice pieces of music found in FINEST OF THE WHEAT Nos. 1 AND 2, the editors have carefully compiled and now present to our Gospel Choirs and Male Quartettes, FINEST OF THE WHEAT MALE CHORUS. We believe it will be greatly appreciated and will quickly find its mission in the beautiful service of Gospel Song.

THE EDITORS

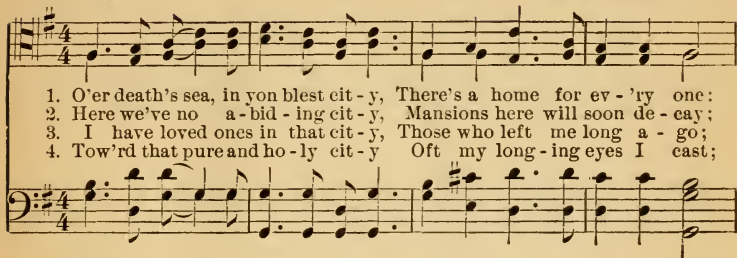
FINEST OF THE WHEAT MALE CHORUS

No. 1.

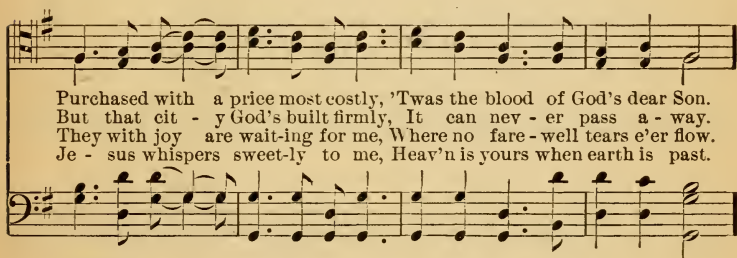
In that City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

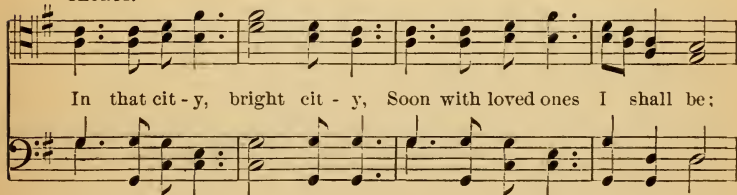


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev - 'ry one:
 2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Mansions here will soon de - cay;
 3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me long a - go;
 4. Tow'rd that pure and ho - ly cit - y Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;



Purchased with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
 But that cit - y God's built firmly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
 They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.
 Je - sus whispers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



In that cit - y, bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;



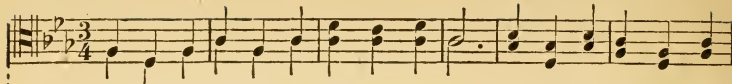
And with Je - sus live for - ev - er. In that cit - y be - yond death's sea.

No. 2.

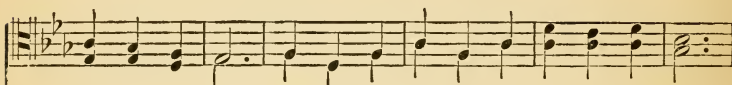
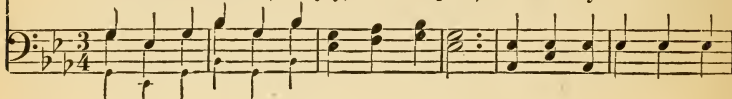
Jesus For Me.

W. J. K.

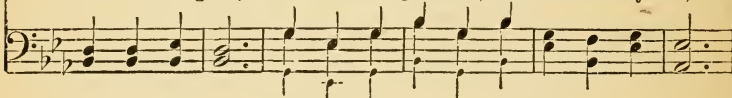
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



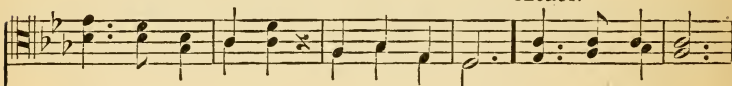
1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, is all things to me, Oh, what a won - der - ful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty.
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my For - tress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my treas - ure in



Sav - ior is He: Guid - ing, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's roll - ing sea,
com - fort or wealth; Sun - shine or tem - pest, what ev - er it be,
Strength and my Power; Life ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is He,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day - star is He,
loss or in gain; Con - stant Com - pan - ion, wher - e'er I may be,



CHORUS.



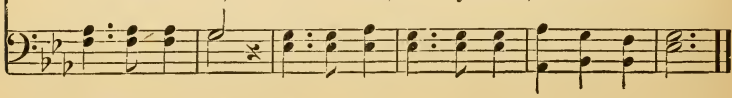
Might - y	De - liv - 'rer—	Je - sus for me.	} Je - sus for me,
He is	my Safe - ty:—	Je - sus for me.	
Bless - ed	Re - deem - er—	Je - sus for me.	
Horn of	Sal - va - tion—	Je - sus for me.	
Liv - ing	or dy - ing—	Je - sus for me.	



Rit.



Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry - where, Je - sus for me.



No. 3. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Arr., and last verse by
Mrs. G. D. E.

KOSCHAT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; He leadeth my
2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Thy rod shall de-
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread, With perfume and
4. Let goodness and mer-cy still fol-low me here, Thy Spirit's blest

soul where the still wa-ters flow; I feed in green pastures, safe-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; Since Thou art my Guardian, no
oil Thou a-noint-est my head; With bless-ings un-meas-ured my
Pres-ence to guide and to cheer; Till at last I am summoned to

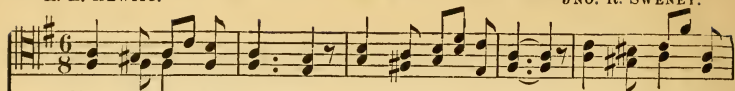
fold-ed I rest, He re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
e-vil I fear, No harm can be-fall me, with my Com-fort-er
cup run-neth o'er, Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence
meet Thee a-bove, And praise Thee for-ev-er, Thou Shep-herd of

pressed, He re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm can be-fall me, with my Com-fort-er near.
more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
love! And praise Thee for-ev-er, Thou Shep-herd of love!

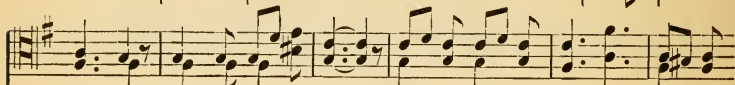
No. 4. From the Stranger-Country.

E. E. HEWITT.

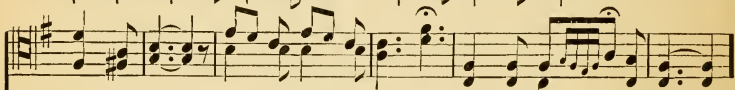
JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. From the stran-ger-coun - try To the glo - ry - land, From the pil-grim-
 2. From the bur-den-bear - ing To the sweet re - lease, From the toss-ing
 3. From the thorny path - way To the fields of balm, From the shout of




ex - ile To the Lord's right hand; From the lonely val - ley To the
 bil - low To the Realm of peace; From the foes be-set - ting To the
 war-fare To the vic-tor's palm; From the farewell sobbings, From the



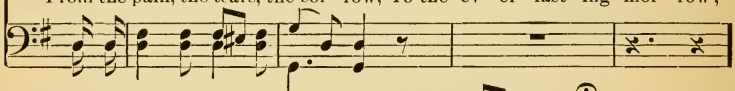

hills of light, From the mist-y shad-ow To the day - beams bright.
 an - gel-throng, From the pray'r of an-guish To the rap - tured song.
 ebb-ing tide, To the glad good-morning On the oth - er side.



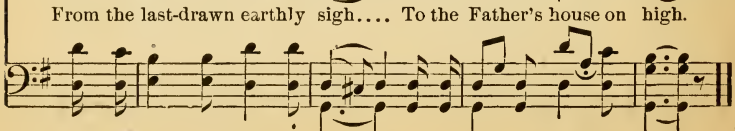
CHORUS.



From the pain, the tears, the sor - row, To the ev - er - last - ing mor - row;

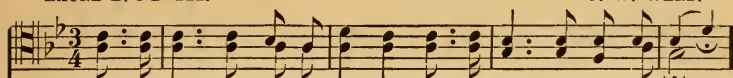
From the last-drawn earthly sigh.... To the Father's house on high.



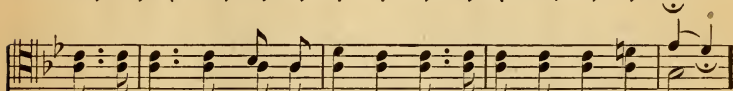
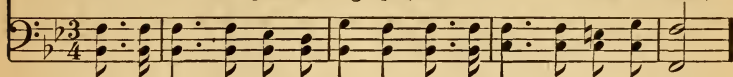
No. 5. Send Afar the Gospel Tidings.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

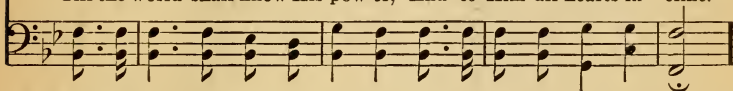
J. W. WARD.



1. Send a-far the gos-pel ti-dings, Let all men and na-tions hear;
2. Send the word to those in dark-ness Far a-cross the storm-y sea,
3. In the high-ways and the hed-ges Go and tell it o'er and o'er;
4. Bear the bless-ed gos-pel ti-dings, Sing of Je - sus and His love,
5. Live for Je - sus: preach His gospel, Still in ra - di-ance to shine,



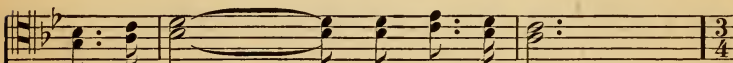
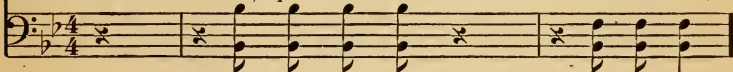
Of the Sav - ior tell the sto - ry; Oh! proclaim it far and near.
 And to those at home who shun Him Tell His message ten - der - ly.
 Spread the ti - dings, bless-ed ti-dings, Bid the err - ing sin no more.
 Swell the glo - rious song of tri-umph From the earth to heav'n a - bove.
 Till the world shall know His pow-er, And to Him all hearts in - cline.



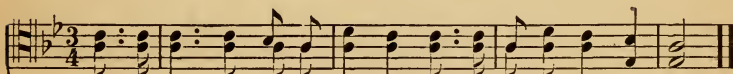
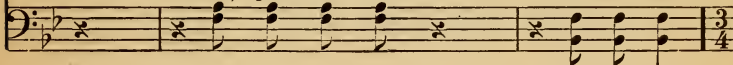
CHORUS.



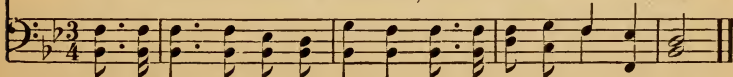
Oh, pro - claim..... it far and near,
 Oh, pro - claim it far and near,



Oh, pro - claim..... it far and near,
 Oh, pro - claim it far and near,



Till all men and na-tions love Him, Tell of Je-sus far and near.

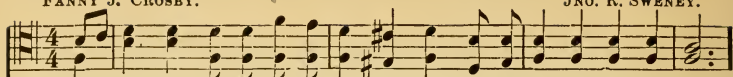


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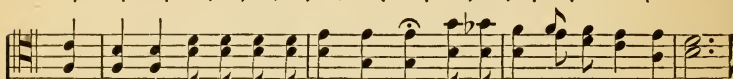
My Soul Shouts Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

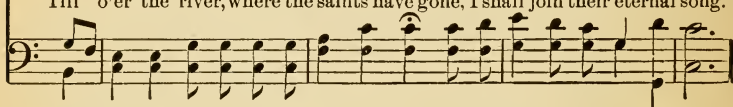
JNO. R. SWENEY.



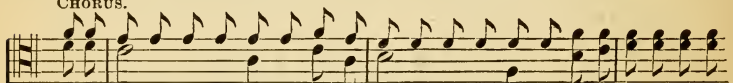
1. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, For the work free grace has done;
 2. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
 3. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, In His se-cret place to dwell;
 4. My soul shouts glory to the Son of God, And I know 'twill not be long,



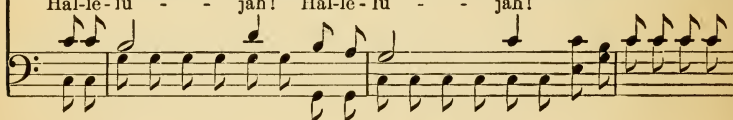
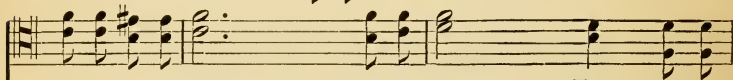
My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.
 My hope is clinging with a per-fect trust To the cross He has borne for me.
 His constant presence overshades me there, And my joy there is none can tell.
 Till o'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their eternal song.



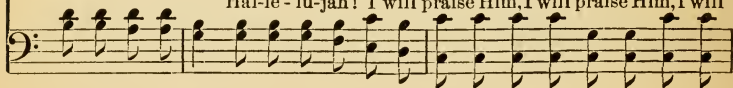
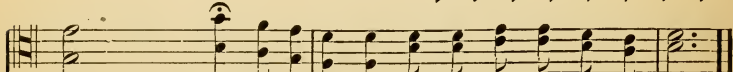
CHORUS.



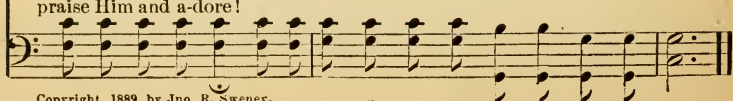
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him! Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him! Hal-le-lu-jah to the
 Hal-le-lu - - jah! Hal-le-lu - - jah!

Sav-ior I a-dore! I will praise Him, I will
 Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him, I will praise Him, I will

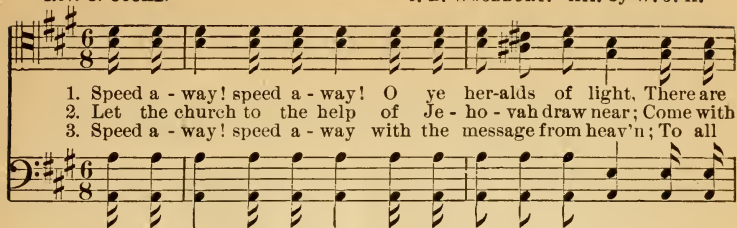
praise Him! Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise Him ev-er-more.
 praise Him and a-dore!



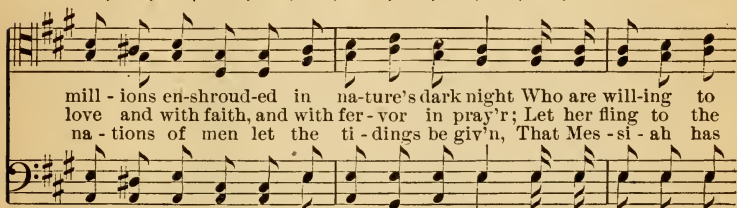
No. 7. Speed Away! Speed Away!

Rev. C. COOKE.

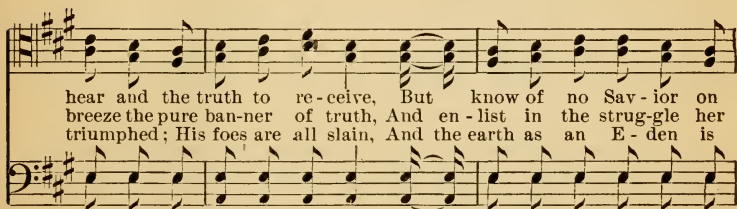
I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. by W. J. K.



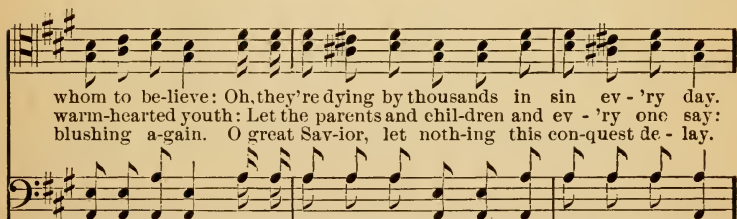
1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! O ye her-alds of light, There are
 2. Let the church to the help of Je - ho - vah draw near; Come with
 3. Speed a - way! speed a - way with the message from heav'n; To all



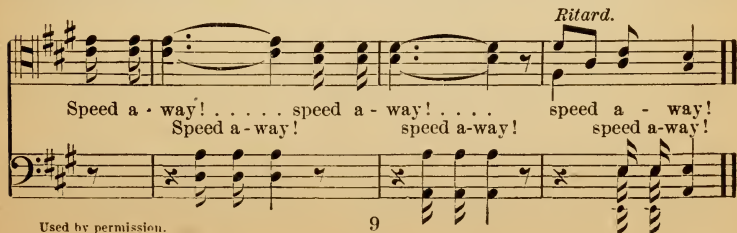
mill - ions en-shroud-ed in na-ture's dark night Who are will-ing to
 love and with faith, and with fer-vor in pray'r; Let her fling to the
 na - tions of men let the ti - dings be giv'n, That Mes - si - ah has



hear and the truth to re-ceive, But know of no Sav - ior on
 breeze the pure ban-ner of truth, And en - list in the strug - gle her
 triumphed; His foes are all slain, And the earth as an E - den is



whom to be-lieve: Oh, they're dy-ing by thousands in sin ev - 'ry day.
 warm-hearted youth: Let the parents and chil-dren and ev - 'ry one say:
 blushing a-gain. O great Sav-ior, let noth-ing this con-quest de - lay.



Ritard.
 Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
 Speed a-way! speed a-way! speed a-way!

No. 8.

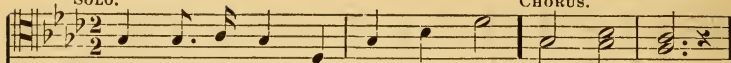
Rest, Sweet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SOLO.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHORUS.



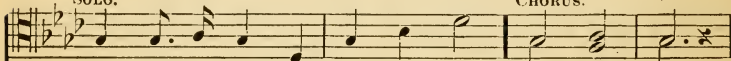
1. Hark! from the joy - land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest;
2. Still from the joy - land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest;
3. Soon in the joy - land we shall know Rest, sweet rest;

ORGAN, or VOICES humming.

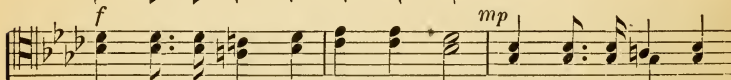
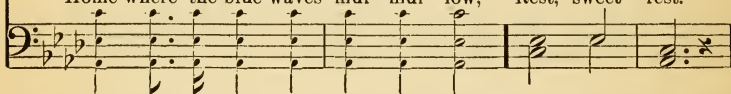


SOLO.

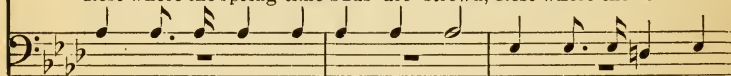
CHORUS.



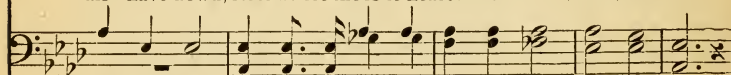
Breath'd by a soft harp all day long, Rest, sweet rest.
 There where the life - tree fruits a - bound, Rest, sweet rest.
 Home where the blue waves mur - mur low, Rest, sweet rest.



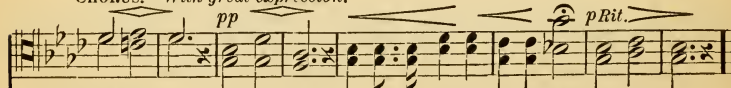
Out of the pearl-gates bright and fair, Borne on a sun - beam
 Haste to the love - lit skies a - way, Haste where the vine leaves
 Rest where the spring-time buds are strewn, Rest where the dear ones



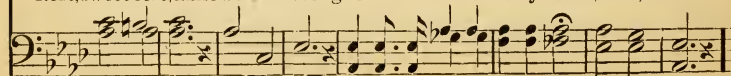
thro' the air, Song for the toil-worn ev - 'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.
 ne'er de - cay, Faith on her light wings joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
 all have flown, Rest where the lone heart finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.



CHORUS. With great expression.



Rest, sweet rest, hallowed rest. Song for the toil-worn ev'rywhere, Rest, sweet rest.



No. 9.

Jesus Leads.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 2. All a-long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us past-ures new Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Je-sus leads, Jesus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid dan-ger feeds,
 All the way before, He's trod, And He now the flock prece-des.
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's boun-d'ry-line re-ces-des,
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
 Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
 He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
 Jesus leads,

No. 10.

Broken Hearts.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.



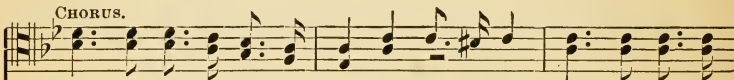
1. Like the mu-sic of a fountain Which a thirst-y trav'ler hears,
2. Tho' thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm-tossed ship at sea,
3. Tho' thy song hath naught but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
4. Look a-way beyond thy sadness, Up to Je-sus turn thy gaze;



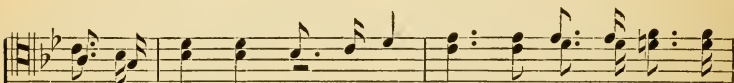
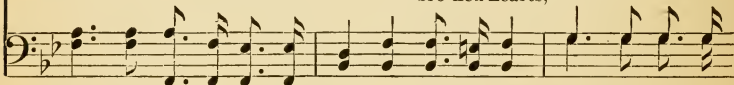
Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears."
Sink-ing, dying,—Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un-to me."
Fly to Christ, nor wait the mor-row, He hath all thy sorrows borne.
Then thy song shall turn to gladness, Then thy tongue shall sound His praise.



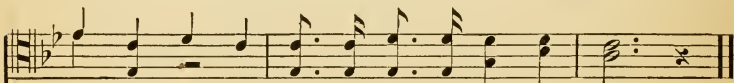
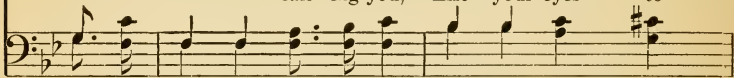
CHORUS.



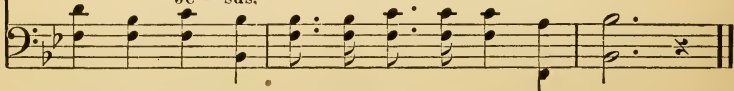
Oh, ye broken hearts, look up-ward! Hear the an-gel
bro-ken hearts,



voi-ces call-ing, Lift your eyes to Cal-v'ry's
call-ing you, Lift your eyes to



Je-sus, Bro-ken-heart-ed there for you.
Je-sus,



No. 11.

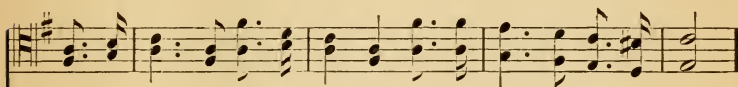
The Savior With Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS,
DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



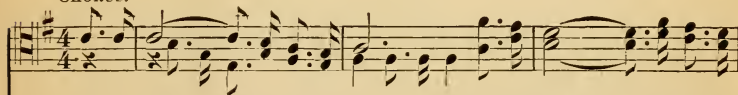
1. I must have the Sav-ior with me, For I dare not walk a-lone.
2. I must have the Sav-ior with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav-ior with me In the on-ward march of life.
4. I must have the Sav-ior with me, And His eye the way must guide,



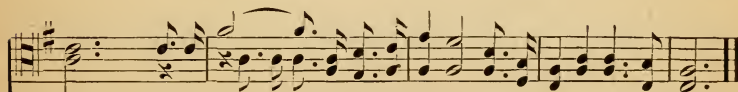
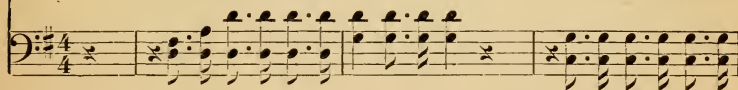
I must feel His presence near me, And His arm around me thrown.
 He can whis-per words of comfort That no oth-er voice can speak.
 Thro' the tem-pest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat-tle and the strife.
 Till I reach the vale of Jor-dan, Till I cross the roll-ing tide.



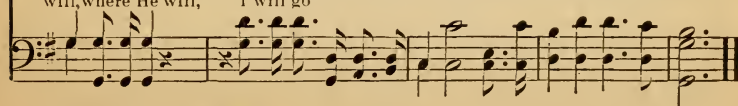
CHORUS.



Then my soul shall fear no ill. Let Him lead me where He
 Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill. Let Him lead me where He



will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
 will, where He will, I will go

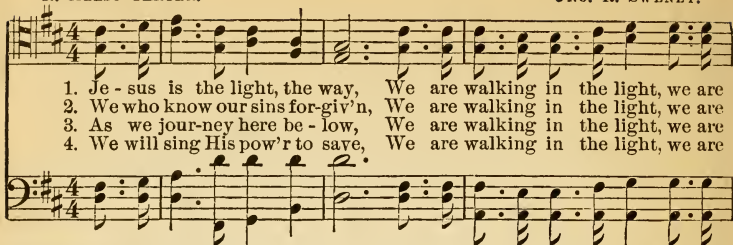


No. 12.

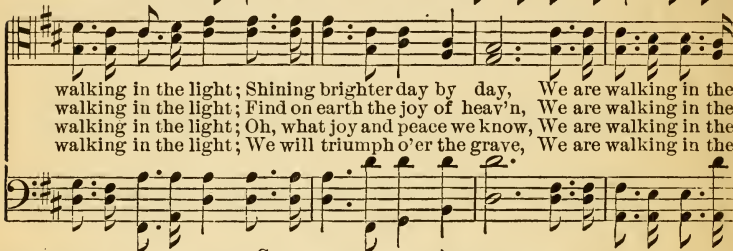
The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

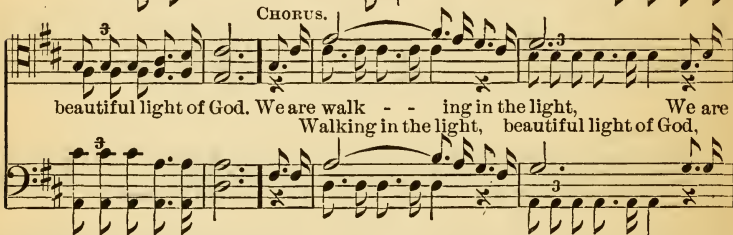
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, we are
 2. We who know our sins for-giv'n, We are walking in the light, we are
 3. As we jour-ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, we are
 4. We will sing His pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, we are



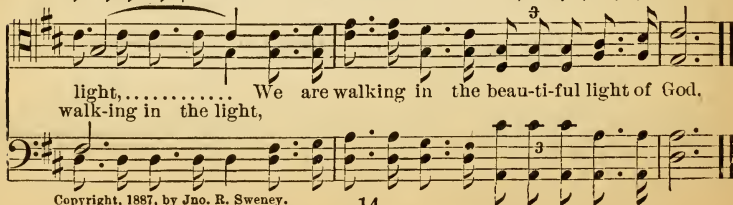
walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the



CHORUS.
 beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,



walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light.



light,..... We are walking in the beau-ti-ful light of God,
 walk-ing in the light,

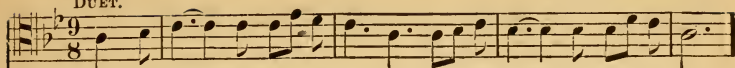
No. 13.

Whisperings of Jesus.

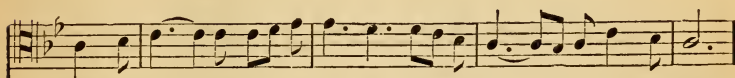
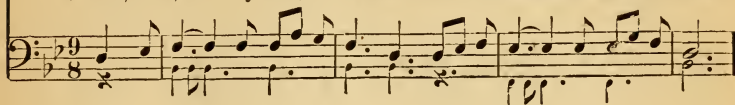
D. K. W.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

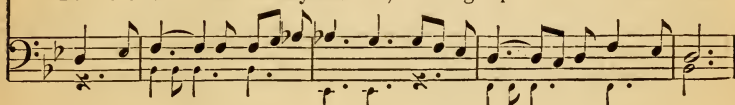
DUET.



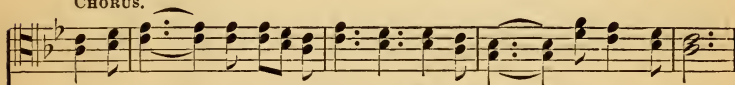
1. Not a sound invades the still-ness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And with-in those heav'nly pla-ces, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, con-tent-ed, Thou hast reached thy happy place,



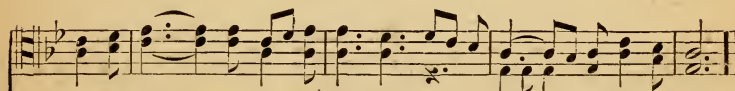
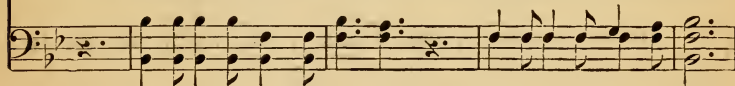
Save the voice of my Be-lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.
 There I drink, with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
 Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
 In the bos - om of thy Sav-ior, Gaz-ing up in His dear face.



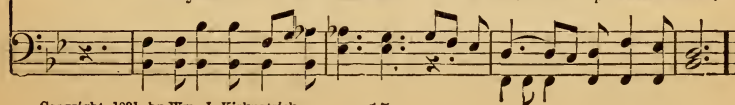
CHORUS.



Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,
 Precious, gentle, ho - ly Je - sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,



In Thy se - cret in - ner chamber Thou wilt whis - per what Thou art.
 In Thy secret in - ner chamber Thou wilt whisper what Thou art.



No. 14.

For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me; See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.
 Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home! . .
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home!
 Par - don for you and for me. *m*

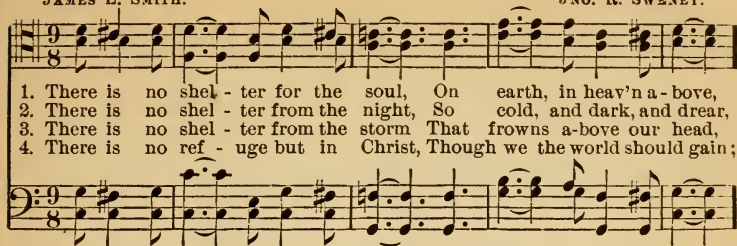
Rit.
 Ye who are wea - ry, come home! *pp* Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

Rit. *pp*
 Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

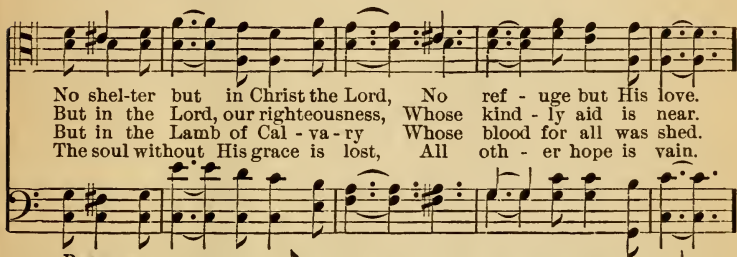
No. 15. No Shelter but in Christ.

JAMES L. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

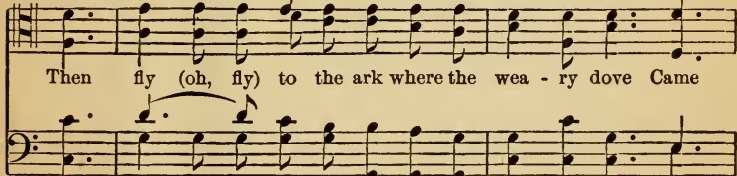


1. There is no shel - ter for the soul, On earth, in heav'n a - bove,
 2. There is no shel - ter from the night, So cold, and dark, and drear,
 3. There is no shel - ter from the storm That frowns a - bove our head,
 4. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Though we the world should gain;



No shel - ter but in Christ the Lord, No ref - uge but His love.
 But in the Lord, our righteousness, Whose kind - ly aid is near.
 But in the Lamb of Cal - va - ry Whose blood for all was shed.
 The soul without His grace is lost, All oth - er hope is vain.

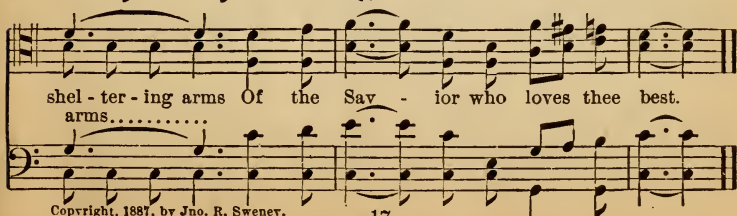
REFRAIN.



Then fly (oh, fly) to the ark where the wea - ry dove Came



back to the place of rest; Oh, fly to the arms, to the
 Oh, fly to the arms,..... to the sheltering



shel - ter - ing arms Of the Sav - ior who loves thee best.
 arms.....

No. 16

My Mother's Bible.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
 2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
 3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
 suf-fered, bled, and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,—
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
 Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses, as she said it was for me.
 As my mother taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words abide.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Book, precious Book,
 Bless-ed Book,.....precious Book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained

I love to look;
 leaves I love to look:..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,

My Mother's Bible—Concluded.

As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

No. 17. Close thy Heart no More.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. { Wea-ry child, thy sin for-sak-ing, Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleasure waking, Open wide [Omit. . .] the door.

2. { To the Savior's ten-der pleading Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mer-cy heed-ing, O-pen wide [Omit. . .] the door.

CHORUS.

While the lamp of life is burn-ing, And the heart of God is

yearn-ing, To His lov-ing arms re-turn-ing, Give thy wan-d'ring o'er.

3 To the gospel invitation
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4 To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

No. 18.

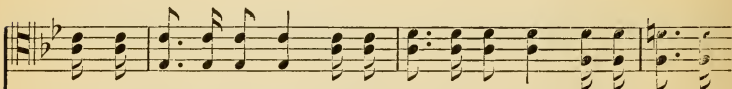
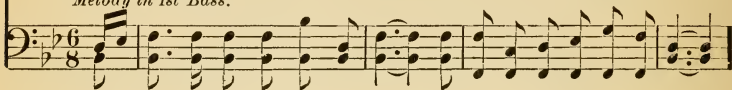
The City Beyond.

Mrs. THOS. MAY PEIRCE.

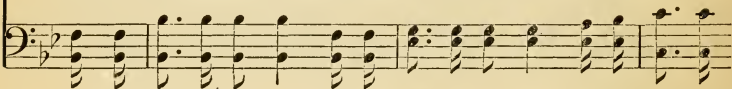
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

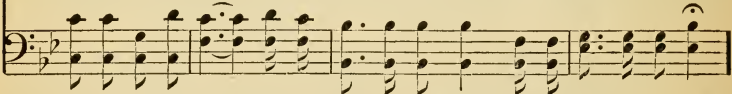
1. We'll sing of the statutes di-vine, Whilst pilgrims, lest here we despond;
2. How bless-ed as chil-dren and heirs To en-ter that mansion a-bove,
3. And wheth-er we bear to that land Heart sorrows or memories fond,
4. Be - fore they shall call He will hear, And, ere they cease speaking, respond,

Melody in 1st Bass.

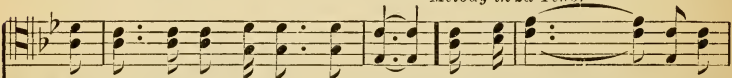
But we'll sing the new song Of the an-gel-ic throng When we meet in
Where the souls of the blest Are for-ev-er at rest, In the bos-om
Shall their purpose be seen, With no shad-ow be-tween, When we meet in
While the an-gels a-wait To throw o-pen the gate That leads to



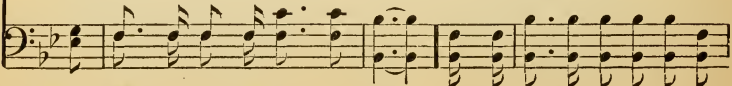
the cit-y be-yond; When we both, you and I, Having passed thro' the gate,
of in-fi-nite love! When the ransomed of earth, Having passed thro' the gate,
the cit-y be-yond; When the children of grace, Having passed thro' the gate,
the cit-y be-yond; For the numberless host That shall sweep thro' the gate



CHORUS. *A little faster.*
Melody in 2d Tenor



Shall meet in the cit-y be-yond. When we meet in the
Shall meet in the cit-y a-bove.
Shall meet in the cit-y be-yond.
That leads to the cit-y be-yond. When we meet in the cit-y, the



The City Beyond—Concluded.

beau - - ti - ful cit - - - y be - yond, We will sing the new song
 beau-ti-ful cit-y, the beautiful cit-y beyond, beyond,

Ad lib.

Of the an - gel-ic throng In the beau-ti-ful cit-y be - yond.
 the cit-y be-yond.

No. 19.

No, Not Despairingly.

Andante.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not distrust-ing-ly
 2. Lord, I con-fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin! Now, tell I all to Thee,
 3. Faithful and just art Thou, for - giv-ing all, Lov - ing and kind art Thou,
Melody in 1st Bass.

Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet this is
 All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a - way, Wash Thou my
 When sor - rows call; Lord, let the cleansing blood, Let the dear

still my plea: Je - sus hath died for me, Je - sus hath died.
 soul this day, Take Thou my sin a - way; Lord, make me clean.
 heal - ing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

No. 20.

Beautiful Land.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Beau - ti - ful, beautiful land! Home of the an - gel band, Flowing with
 2. Beau - ti - ful, beautiful land! Where is thy golden strand? Where are thy
 3. Beau - ti - ful, beautiful land! Pal - a - ces royal - ly grand! Air so am-

crys - tal streams, Bright with the glo - ry beams; Deep in my soul I have
 fruit - ful vales? Where are thy fragrant gales? Where dost Thou lie, O thou
 bro - sial, sweet! Rap - ture so full, complete; Oh, for a home on thy

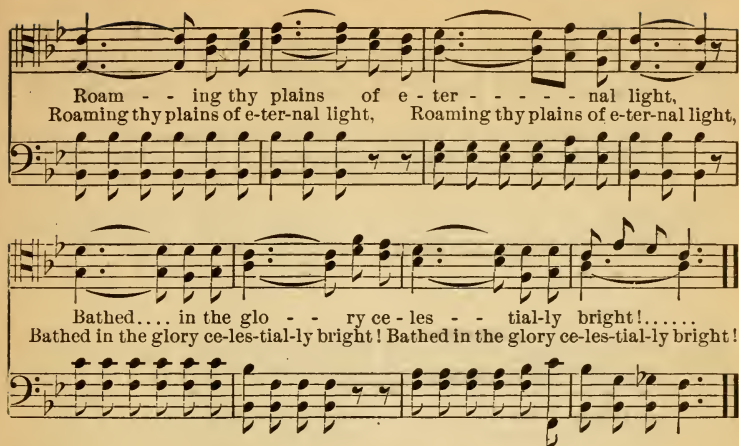
long - ings for thee; When, oh! when wilt thou o - pen to me?
 cit - y of peace? When, oh! when shall I taste of thy bliss?
 beau - ti - ful shore, Land, blest land of the bright ev - er - more!

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful, beau - - ti - ful, beau - - ti - ful land!
 Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful land, Beautiful, beautiful, beau - ti - ful land!

When..... shall I join.... with the white - - - robed band!
 When shall I join with the white-robed band? When shall I join with the white-robed band?

Beautiful Land—Concluded.

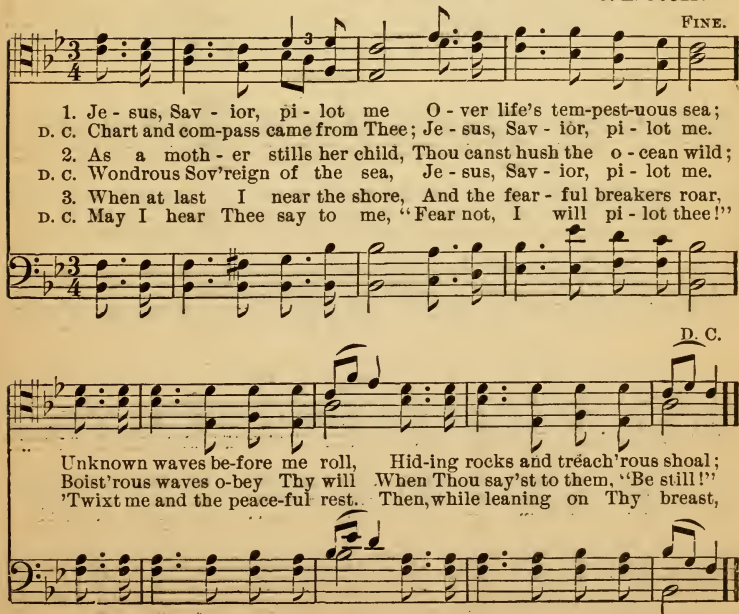


Roam - - ing thy plains of e - ter - - - - nal light,
 Roaming thy plains of e-ter-nal light, Roaming thy plains of e-ter-nal light,

Bathed.... in the glo - - ry ce - les - - tial-ly bright!.....
 Bathed in the glory ce-les-tial-ly bright! Bathed in the glory ce-les-tial-ly bright!

No. 21. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.



FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 D. C. Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. C. Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
 D. C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest. Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

No. 22. Tho' Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow: as snow:
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crimson, They shall be as wool.
 He is of great..... compassion, And of won-drous love.
 Look un-to Me,..... ye peo-ple, Saith the Lord your God.

Tho' they be red,

DUET.

QUARTET.

Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions, And re-

pp

Rit.

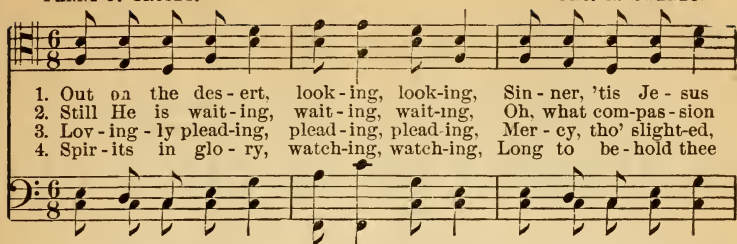
be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
 turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
 mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

No. 23.

Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

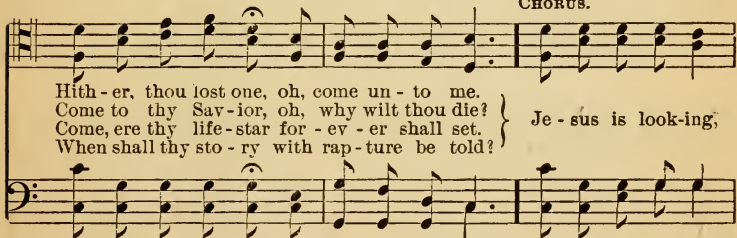


1. Out on the des-ert, look-ing, look-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus
 2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, Oh, what com-pas-sion
 3. Lov-ing-ly plead-ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer-cy, tho' slight-ed,
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long to be-hold thee



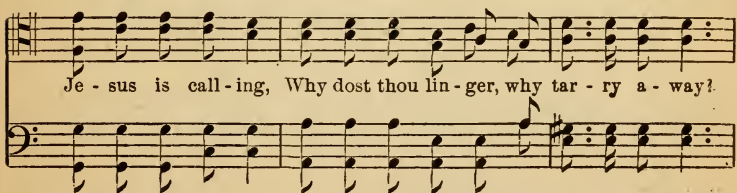
look-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
 beams in His eye; Hear Him re-peat-ing gen-tly, gen-tly,
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,
 safe in the fold; An-gels are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,

CHORUS.




Hith-er, thou lost one, oh, come un-to me.
 Come to thy Sav-ior, oh, why wilt thou die?
 Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set.
 When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?

Je-sus is look-ing;



Je-sus is call-ing, Why dost thou lin-ger, why tar-ry a-way?



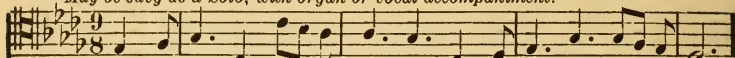
Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

No. 24. It was Spoken for the Master.

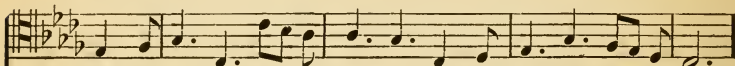
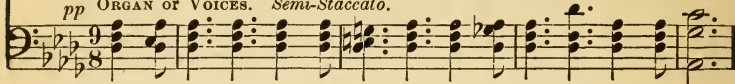
LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

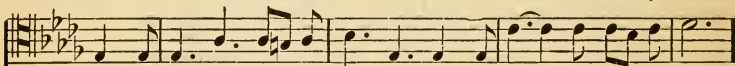
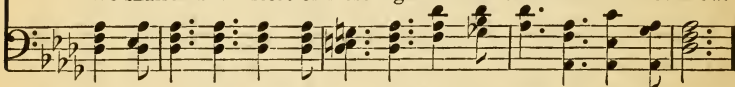
May be sung as a Solo, with organ or vocal accompaniment.



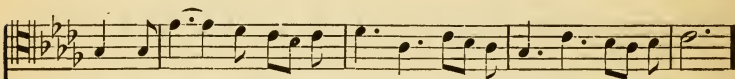
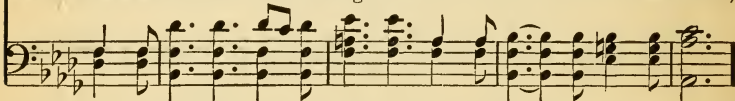
1. It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, Oh, how lov-ing - ly it fell!
 2. Oh, we know not when we scat-ter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,
 3. When our bus-y toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go,
- pp* ORGAN OR VOICES. *Semi-Staccato.*



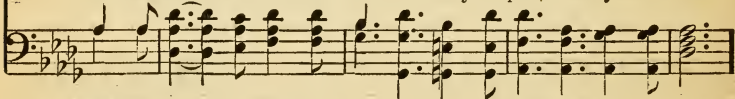
It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breathed it none could tell!
But we work and trust in Je-sus, For He watch-es o-ver all.
We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.



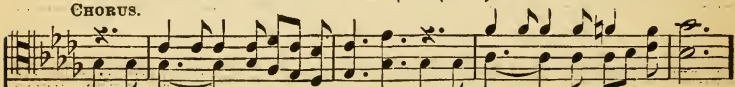
It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,
We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-flic-tion, it may be,
We shall won-der at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



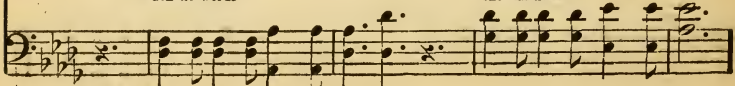
But the chords, that long had slumbered In a grief-worn heart, were stirred.
But the fruits of earn-est la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
But the Lord Him-self will tell us Why He placed the jew-els there.



CHORUS.



Gent-le words of pa-tient kind-ness, Tho' un-heed-ed oft they seem;
Gent-le words Tho' un-heed-ed



It was Spoken for the Master—Concluded.

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.
To the fold Souls of which

No. 25.

Keep me Ever.

SALLIE M. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In Thy per - fect peace di-vine, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er;
2. At my post of du - ty still Keep, oh, keep me ev - er;
3. 'Neath Thy all - pro - tect-ing wings, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er;
4. Till my last, ex - pir-ing breath, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er;

Where my faith will brightest shine, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er.
Learn - ing there Thy right-eous will, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er.
By the soul - re-fresh-ing springs, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er.
Thine in life, and Thine in death, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er.

CHORUS.

Let Thy heart my dwell-ing be, Let Thy word a - bide in me;

In the path that leads to Thee, Keep, oh, keep me ev - er.

No. 26.

A Song in My Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SECOND TENOR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

SECOND TENOR.

1. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of joy, And I learned it long a - go,
2. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of trust, And my theme from morn till eve,
3. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of love, That the angels can - not sing,
4. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of praise; I will sing it o'er and o'er,

FIRST BASS.

The bass line of 'The Rose Tree' is written in 4/4 time. It begins with a quarter note G2, followed by an eighth note A2 and a sixteenth note B2 beamed together. The next measure contains a quarter note C3, an eighth note B2, and a sixteenth note A2 beamed together. The third measure has a quarter note G2, an eighth note F2, and a sixteenth note E2 beamed together. The fourth measure consists of a quarter note D2, an eighth note C2, and a sixteenth note B1 beamed together. The fifth measure has a quarter note A1, an eighth note G1, and a sixteenth note F1 beamed together. The sixth measure contains a quarter note E1, an eighth note D1, and a sixteenth note C1 beamed together. The seventh measure has a quarter note D1, an eighth note C1, and a sixteenth note B1 beamed together. The eighth measure consists of a quarter note A1, an eighth note G1, and a sixteenth note F1 beamed together. The final measure has a quarter note E1, an eighth note D1, and a sixteenth note C1 beamed together, followed by a final quarter note D1.

INST.

[illegible]

At the cross of my Lord where He died for me, And the streams of His mercy flow.
For it tells of the peace my Redeemer gives Unto those that His grace receive.
For they know not the bliss of a new-born soul, Tho' their harps with its gladness ring.
'Thro' the isles of the blest will its tones resound, When on earth they are heard no more.

A single staff of music in bass clef, containing the bass line of the song. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some chords indicated by multiple notes on the same line.

CHORUS.

[illegible]

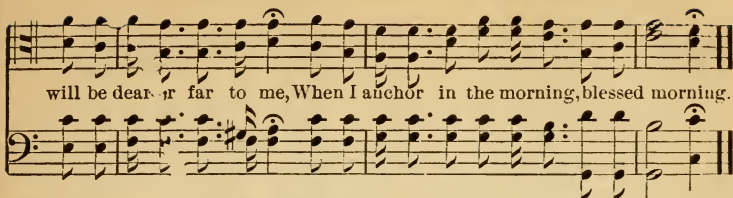
Oh, that hap-py, hap - py song, as I speed my bark a-long; How re-

A single staff of music in bass clef, showing the bass line for the song. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some chords indicated by vertical lines.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4. This is followed by a dotted quarter note B4, an eighth note C5, and a quarter note D5. The melody continues with a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a quarter note G5. The system concludes with a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, and a quarter note C6, which is marked with a fermata.

freshing to my soul, when the stormy waters roll; Oh, that happy, happy song

A Song in My Heart—Concluded.

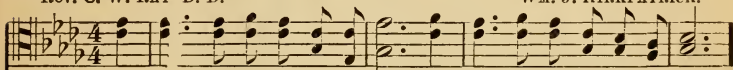


will be dear-er far to me, When I anchor in the morning, blessed morning.

No. 27. Some Blessed Day.

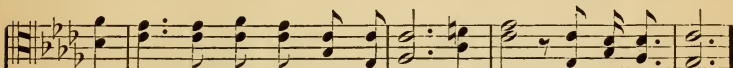
Rev. C. W. RAY D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Some day, but when I cannot tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell;
2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A golden harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Savior's face, And, welcomed to His blest embrace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long-a-go,

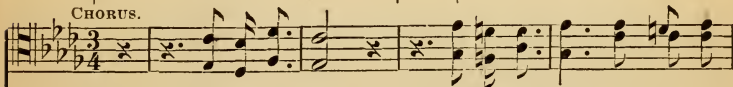
Melody in 1st. Bass.

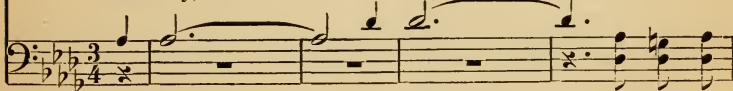
For I shall with the an-gels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.
 And glist'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
 Shall with His peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
 And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.



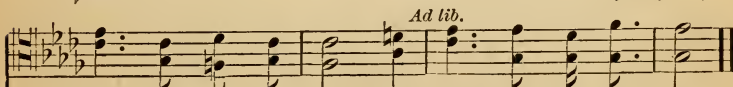
CHORUS.



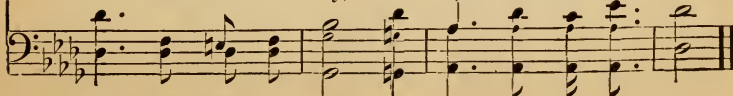
Some blessed day, some blessed day, I'll be at
 Some day,..... some day,.....



Ad lib.



home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

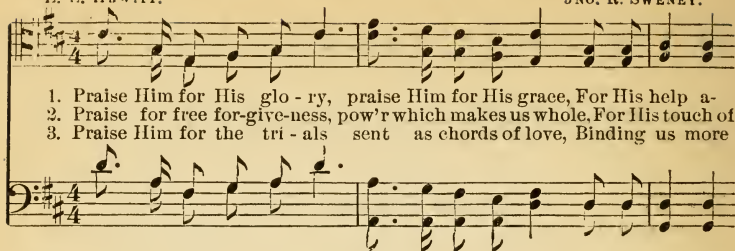


No. 28.

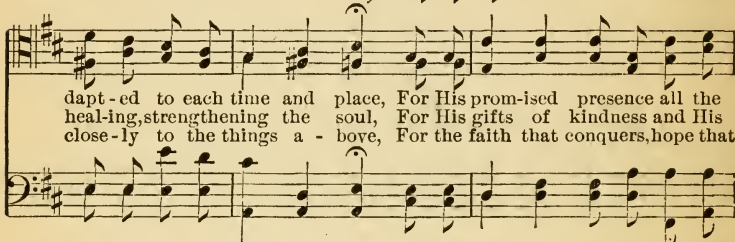
Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

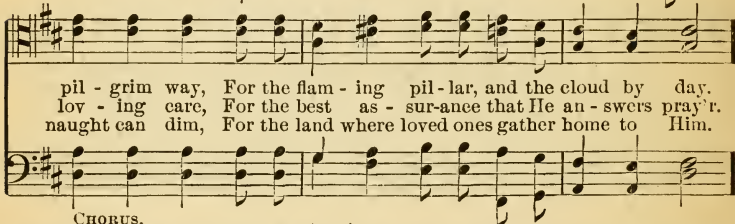
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Praise Him for His glo - ry, praise Him for His grace, For His help a -
 2. Praise for free for-give-ness, pow'r which makes us whole, For His touch of
 3. Praise Him for the tri - als sent as chords of love, Binding us more

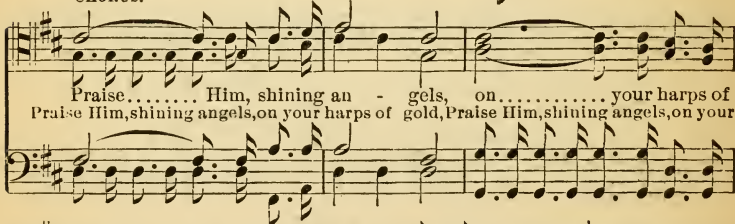


dapt-ed to each time and place, For His prom-ised presence all the
 heal-ing, strengthening the soul, For His gifts of kindness and His
 close-ly to the things a - bove, For the faith that conquers, hope that




pil - grim way, For the flam - ing pil - lar, and the cloud by day.
 lov - ing care, For the best as - sur-ance that He an - swers pray'r.
 naught can dim, For the land where loved ones gather home to Him.

CHORUS.



Praise..... Him, shining an - gels, on..... your harps of
 Praise Him, shining angels, on your harps of gold, Praise Him, shining angels, on your



gold, All..... His hosts a - dore Him
 harps of gold, All His hosts a-dore Him who His face be - hold,

Bless the Lord, My Soul—Concluded.

who..... His face be-hold;..... Thro'..... His great do-
 All His hosts adore Him who His face behold; Thro' His great dominion, while the

min - ion, while..... the a - ges roll, All His works shall
 a - ges roll, Thro' His great dominion, while the a - ges roll,

praise Him, all His works shall praise Him, All His works shall praise Him, Bless the Lord, my soul.

No. 29.

Light after Darkness.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Light aft-er darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross,
 2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight aft-er mystery, Peace after pain,
 3. Near aft-er distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;

Rit.

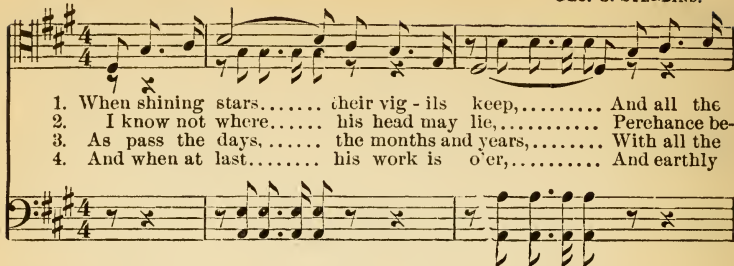
Sweet aft-er bit-ter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.
 Joy aft-er sor-row, Calm after blast, Rest aft-er weariness, Sweet rest at last.
 Aft-er long ag-o-ny, Rapture of bliss: Right was the pathway Leading to this.

No. 30.

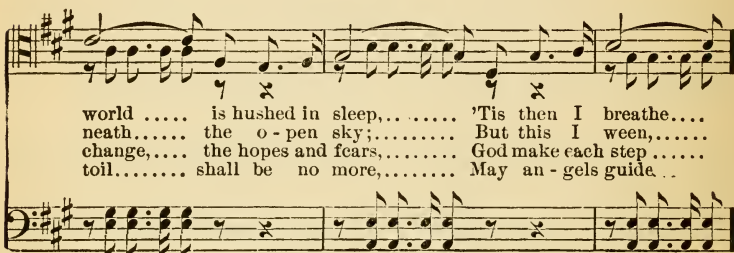
God Bless My Boy.

Mrs. S. E. A. HIGGINS.

GEO. C. STEWINS.



1. When shining stars..... their vig - ils keep,..... And all the
 2. I know not where..... his head may lie,..... Perchance be-
 3. As pass the days,..... the months and years,..... With all the
 4. And when at last..... his work is o'er,..... And earthly

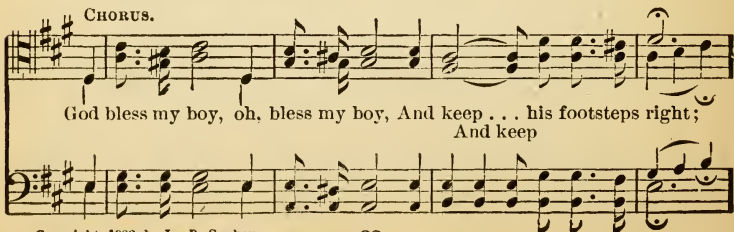


world is hushed in sleep,..... 'Tis then I breathe....
 neath..... the o - pen sky;..... But this I ween,.....
 change,.... the hopes and fears,..... God make each step
 toil..... shall be no more,..... May an - gels guide ..



this pray'r so deep—..... God bless,(oh, bless,)my boy to-night,(to-night.)
 God's watchful eye..... Can see.... my boy to-night,(to-night.)
 of du - ty clear,..... And keep... his hon-or bright,(honor bright.)
 him to the shore..... Where there... shall be no night,(no night.)

CHORUS.



God bless my boy, oh, bless my boy, And keep . . . his footsteps right;
 And keep

God Bless My Boy.—Concluded.

God bless my boy, oh, bless my boy, God save . . my boy to-night.
oh, save

No. 31. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

F *FINE.*

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

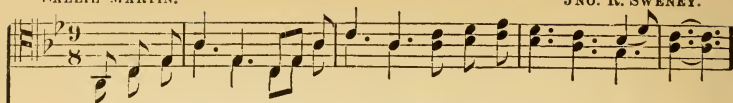
CHORUS.

D. S.

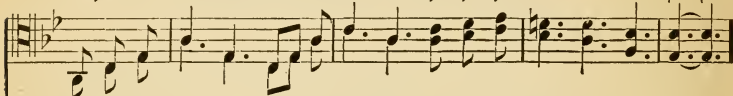
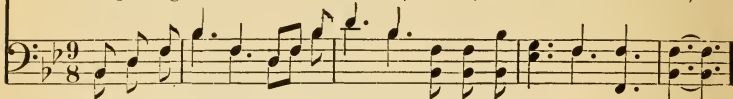
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

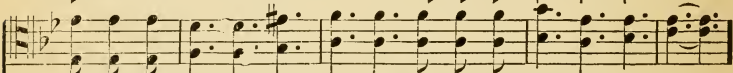
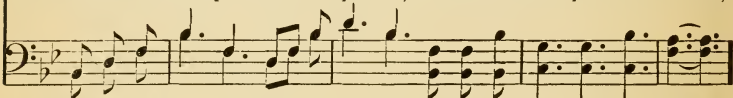
6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.



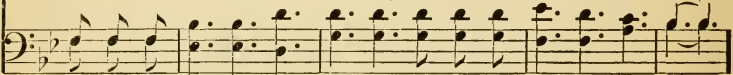
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,



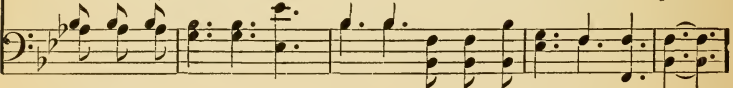
Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar - mies which He leadeth While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



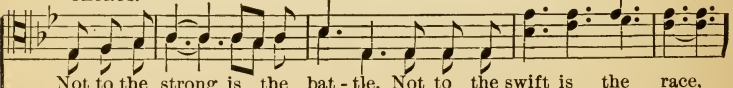
See them with courage ad - vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re - deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,



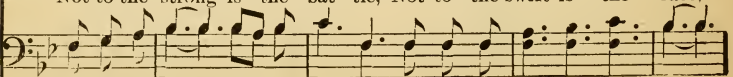
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e - ter-nal Rest when their warfare is past.



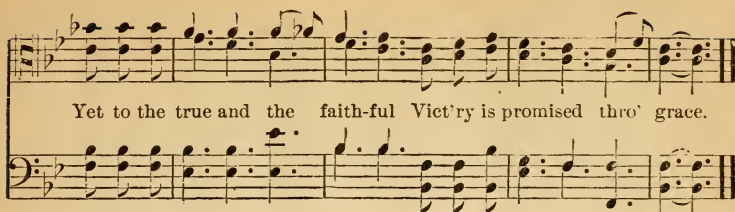
CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,



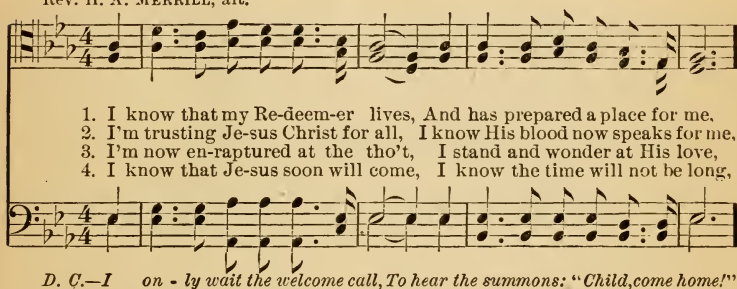
Victory through Grace—Concluded.



Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict'ry is promised thro' grace.

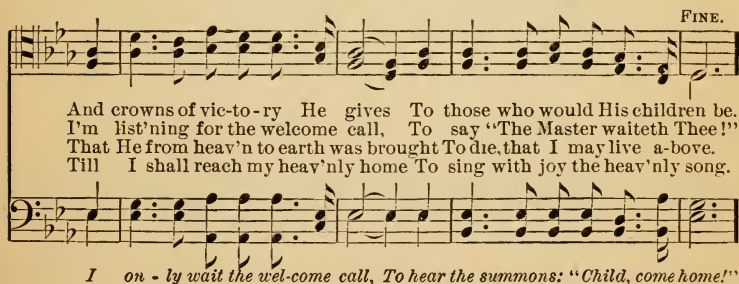
No. 33. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has prepared a place for me.
 2. I'm trusting Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me,
 3. I'm now en-raptured at the tho't, I stand and wonder at His love,
 4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,

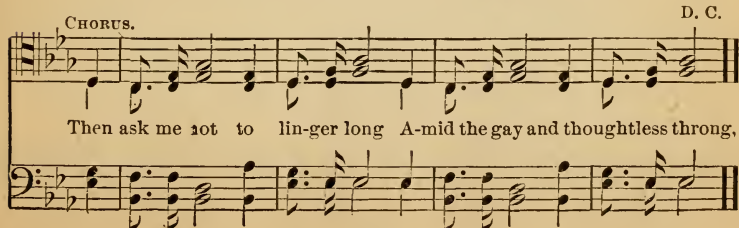
D. C.—I on - ly wait the welcome call, To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"



FINE.

And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives To those who would His children be.
 I'm list'n'ing for the welcome call, To say "The Master waiteth Thee!"
 That He from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I may live a-bove.
 Till I shall reach my heav'nly home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.

I on - ly wait the wel-come call, To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"



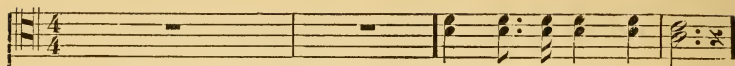
CHORUS. D. C.

Then ask me not to lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

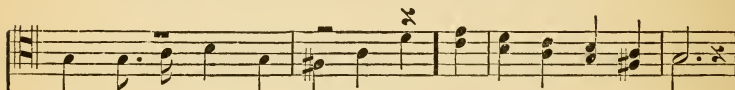
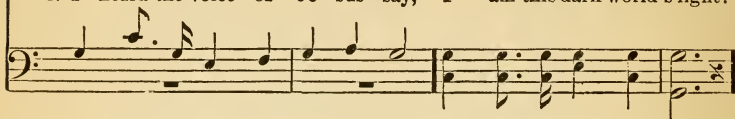
No. 34. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR.

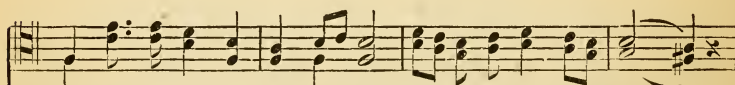
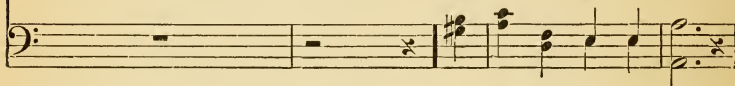
WM. G. FISCHER.



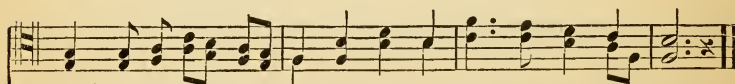
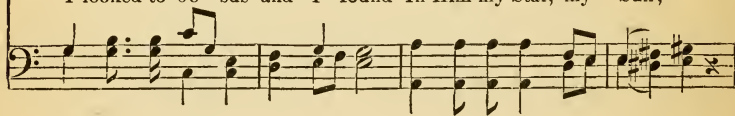
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:



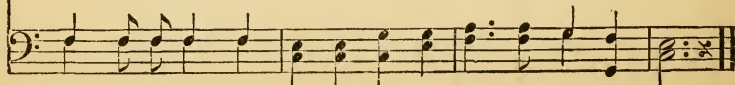
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done.

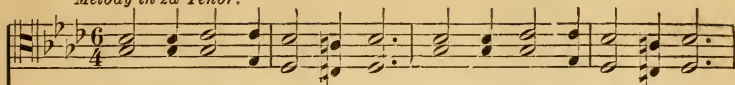


No. 35.

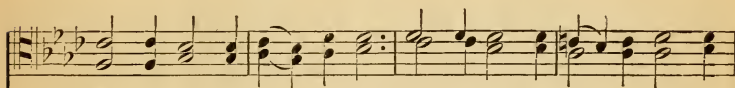
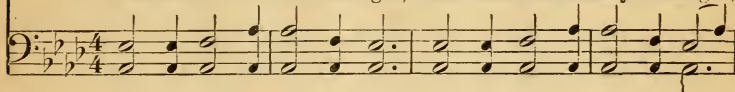
Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

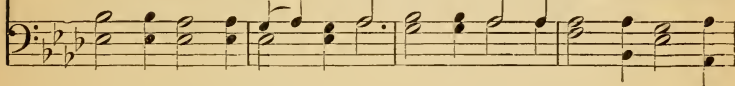
WM. F. SHERWIN.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

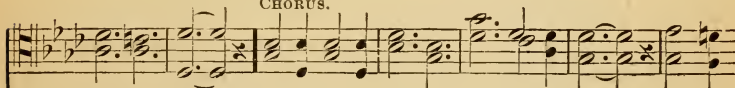
1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home;
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all,
4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,



Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps a-light Thro'
 Gath - er us, who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For
 Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
 Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And

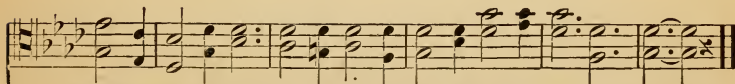
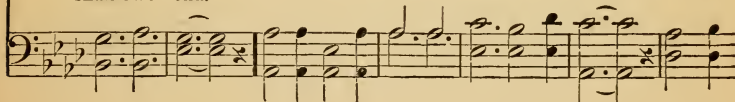


CHORUS.

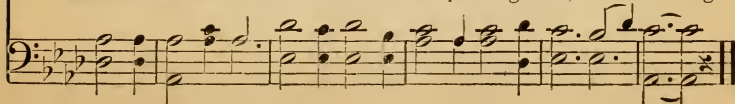


all the sky.
 Thou art nigh.
 hearts as - cend.
 shad-ows end.

} Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and



earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

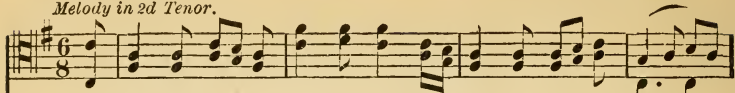


No. 36.

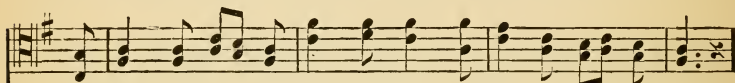
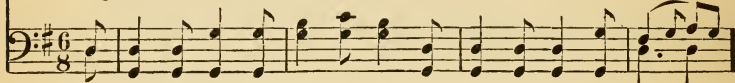
Remembered Blessings.

Words and Melody by GEO. L. BROWN.

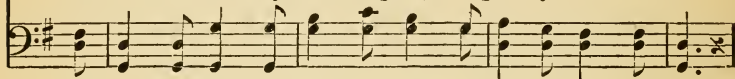
Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

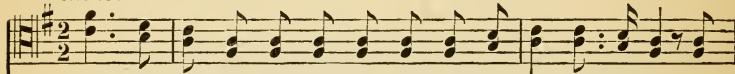
1. I sang, one day a sad sweet song, 'Twas at the twi-light hour;
2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
3. Thus, oft my Sav-ior comes to me, When all is lone and still;
4. I praise the Lord the fire still burns With Pen-te-cos-tal flame;



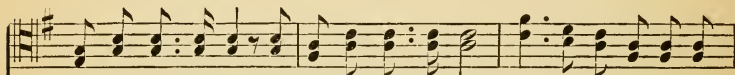
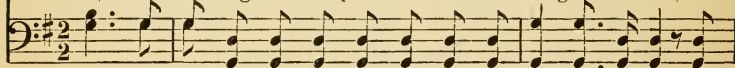
A flame of love came gen - tly down- I felt its melt-ing power.
 With tear - ful eye and throb-ling breast I knelt in thank-ful-ness.
 Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do His ho - ly will.
 The al - tar of my soul's a - glow, All glo - ry to His name.



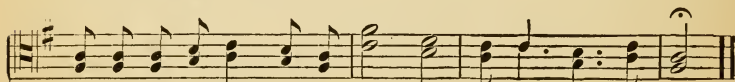
CHORUS.



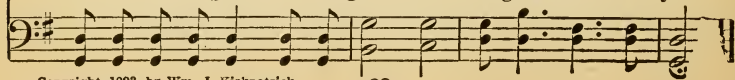
Oh, the bless-ing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I



nev-er shall for-get, I nev-er shall for-get; E - ven now 'tis stealing



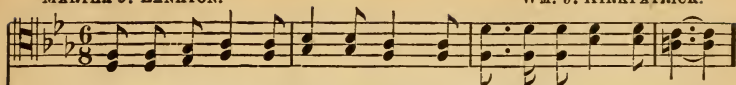
o-ver me a-gain and a - gain, It lin-gers with me yet.



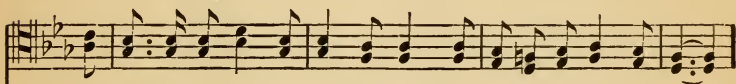
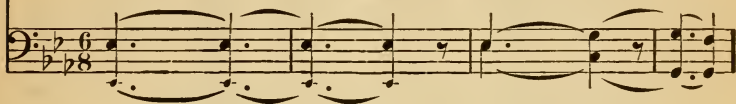
No. 37. Where is my Soul To-night.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

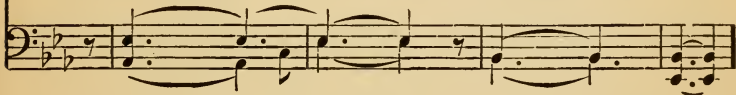


1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warn - ing voice That urged me to fly from sin;
3. Oft have I heard a ten - der voice, When troubled and care-oppressed,
4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice, En-treat-ing me o'er and o'er;



"Thy Sav-ior has loved and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight Him so?"

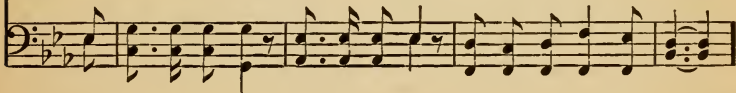
To o - pen the door I long have closed And welcome the Savior in.
And then like a wea - ry child I sighed In Je-sus to find a rest.
And if I re-fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.



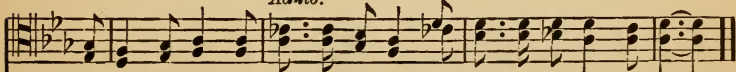
CHORUS.



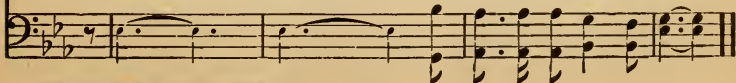
But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?
4th v. O Sav - ior I yield, Sav-ior, I yield, Take Thou my soul to - night;



Ad lib.



That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, But where is my soul to - night?
I now believe, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy message of grace to - night.



No. 38.

Hark! Hark, my Soul!

F. W. FABER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a-way, like bells at ev-'ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
 Je - sus bids you come;" And, thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
 of the songs a-bove: Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

an-gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night: Angels of

Je - sus, an - gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

No. 39.

If Any Man Thirst.

J. J. L.

J. J. Lowe.

1. If an - y man thirst, the Sav - ior said, The wa - ter of
 2. Look un - to me and be ye saved, He plead-eth with
 3. I am the Door; by me, He said, If an - y man
 4. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, Oh, hear our dear

life is free; Come un - to me and drink and live;
 lov - ing voice; Will you not look to Je - sus now,
 en - ter in, He shall be saved for - ev - er - more,
 Sav - ior say; He bids thee come with all thy sin,

CHORUS.

O broth-er, it flows for thee.
 And make Him your on - ly choice? } Will you not come to
 And ful - ly re - deemed from sin.
 Oh, come and be saved to - day.

Him to - day? Will you not come to - day? Come un - to

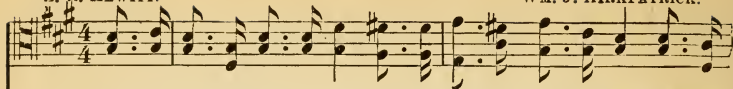
Rit.
 Him and drink and live; Oh, will you not come to - day?

No. 40.

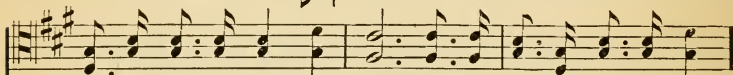
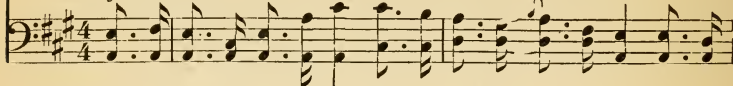
Beautiful Robes.

E. F. HEWITT.

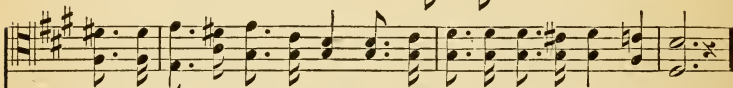
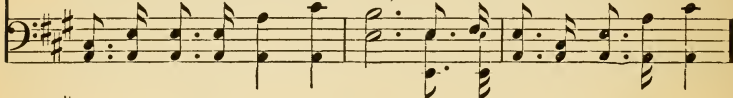
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



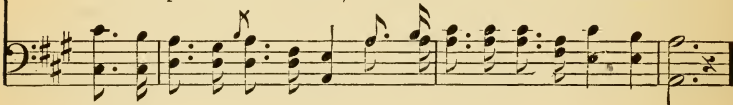
1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

Melody in 1st Bass

en - ter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines,
 beau - ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con - verse full and sweet,
 Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead, For His blood shall wash each stain



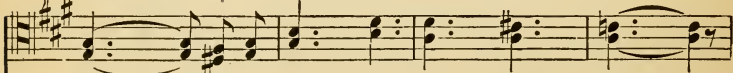
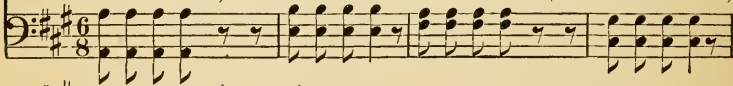
For the bless - ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Savior's smile.
 In a fellowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - er - more is freed.



CHORUS.

*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

Beau - ti - ful robes,.... Beau - ti - ful robes,....
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,



Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,....
 Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,



Beautiful Robes—Concluded.

Gar - - ments of light,..... love - - ly and bright....
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Rit.
 Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 41.

The Golden Key.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Pray'r is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts a-way,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
 How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the wea-ry hours of day.

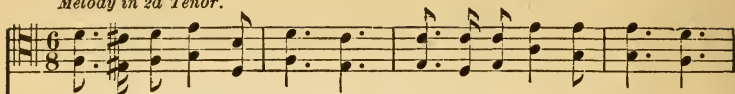
4 When the shadows fall,
 And the vesper call
 Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
 Shall be shut no more:
 Life's tears shall be wiped away,
 As the pearl gates swing,
 And the gold harps ring,
 And the sun unsheathe for aye.

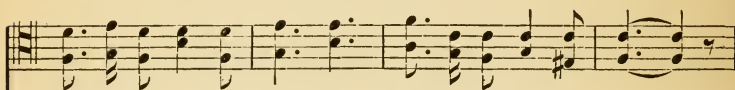
No. 42. Angels Above are Singing.

F. A. S.
Melody in 2d Tenor.

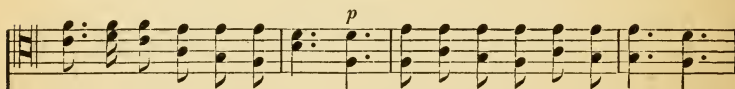
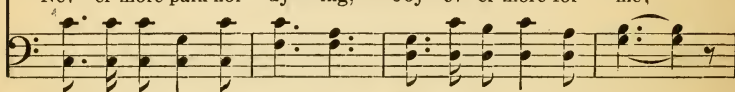
FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.



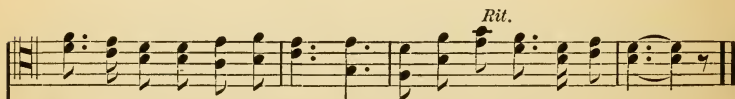
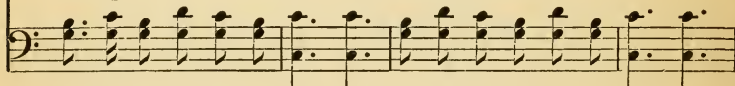
1. An - gels a - bove are sing - ing, Heav - en - ly harps are ring - ing,
2. There, where the stars are gleam - ing, There, where Thy smile is beam - ing,
3. Nev - er - more sin nor sigh - ing, Nev - er - more grief nor cry - ing,



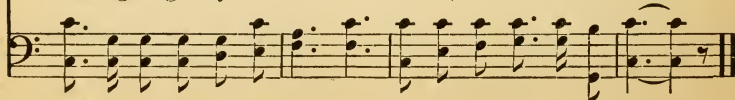
Voic - es to me are bring - ing Whispers of joy to be;
Sweet - ly my soul is dream - ing, Longing Thy face to see;
Nev - er - more pain nor dy - ing, — Joy ev - er - more for me;



Oh, to be yon - der, up yon - der, Nev - er, no, nev - er to wan - der,
Ev - er Thy pow - er con - fess - ing, — Seeking Thy fa - vor and bless ing,
Praising Thee ev - er and ev - er, Leaving Thee nev - er, no, nev - er,



Ev - er my heart growing fon - der, — Fonder, dear Mas - ter, of Thee.
Still is my soul ev - er press - ing, — Pressing yet near - er to Thee.
Dwelling in glo - ry for - ev - er, — Ev - er, for - ev - er with Thee.

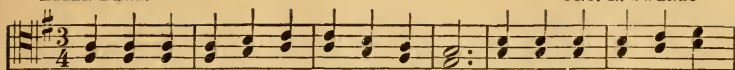


No. 43.

Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE.

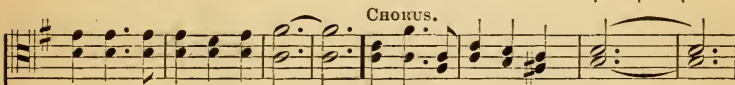
JNO. R. SWENEY



1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till
2. Send out the sunlight in let-ter and word; Speak it and think it till
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and each day, Crown all the years with its
4. Send out the sunlight as free as the air! Blessings will fol-low with

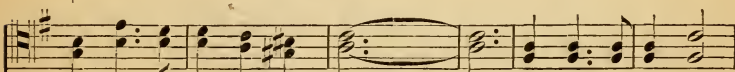
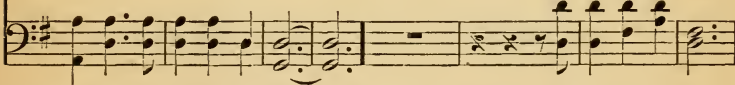


it dis-ap-pear—Souls are in wait-ing this mes-sage to hear,
 hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun-gry for pray'rs still un-heard,
 lu-mi-nous ray, Nour-ish the seeds that are sown on the way,
 none to com-pare, Bless-ings of peace, that will rise from de-spair!

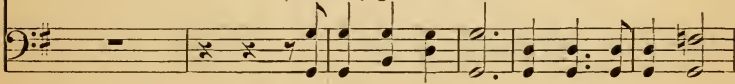


CHORUS.

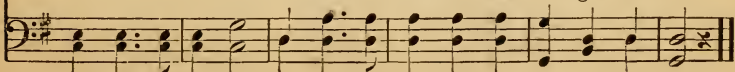
Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love.....
 the sunlight of love,



Send out the sunlight of love..... Send out the sun-light,
 the sun-light of love,



Send out the sun-light, Send out the sun-light of love.....
 the sun-light of love.



No. 44.

He's Mighty to Save.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET. Ad lib.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing His grace to be-stow; Sin, "red like crimson," He
 2. Standing a - lone in the strife we shall fail; Close to our Lead-er His
 3. Take Him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take Him the trouble, He'll
 4. Up from the val - ley the darkness is gone, When Je-sus brings there the

makes white as snow; Lov-ing us free-ly, His life-blood He gave;
 might will pre-vail; Or if a bless-ing for oth - ers we crave,
 com - fort in - part; Held by His hand, we can walk on the wave;
 beau - ty of dawn; Vic-t'ry, glad vic-t'ry we sing o'er the grave!

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Re-deem-er! He's might-y to save.
 Pray on, be - liev-ing, - He's might-y to save. } Mighty to save,
 Look up to Je - sus, He's might-y to save.
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, He's might-y to save.

might-y to save, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 is might-y to save. He is

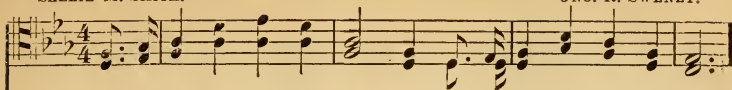
Might-y to save, might-y to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.
 He is might-y to save,

No. 45.

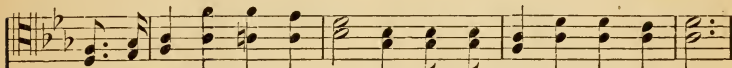
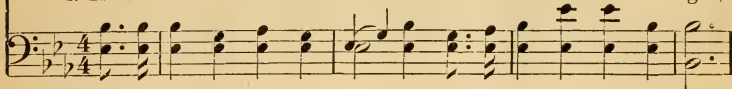
Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH.

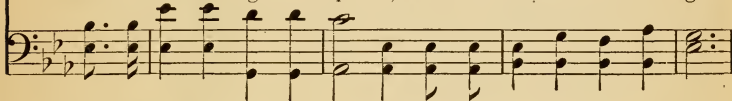
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a-foft by faith we stand,
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where He bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are hon - ored With such visions of de - light,



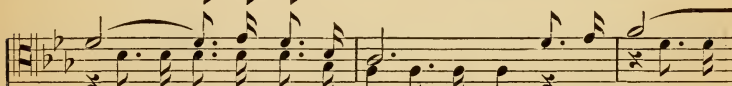
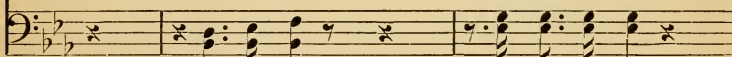
While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flowing down from E - den's land.
 In the brightness of His presence, Christ, our Lord, revealed we see.
 Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak - ing each a welcome guest.
 Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.



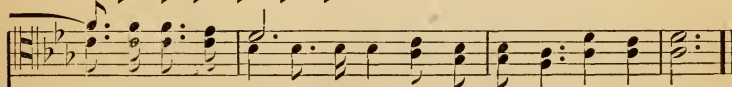
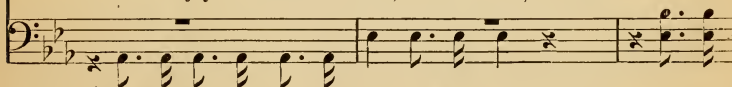
CHORUS.



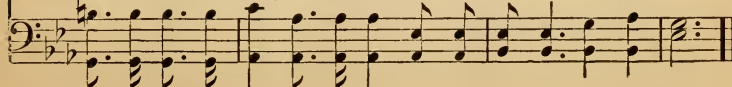
How the heart..... its toil for - gets, In the
 How the heart its toil for - gets,



joy..... we there be - hold; In the full - -
 In the joy we there be - hold, there be - hold; In the



- - - ness of His love, That is bet - ter felt than told.
 full-ness of His love, of His love,

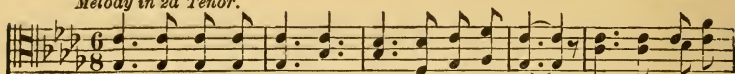


No. 46. Bright, Beautiful Morning.

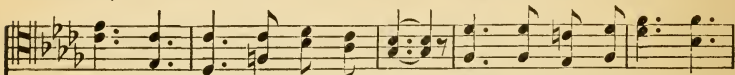
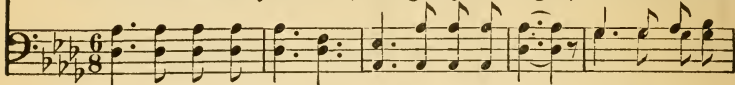
LANTA WILSON SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

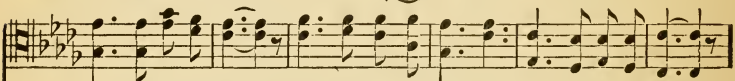
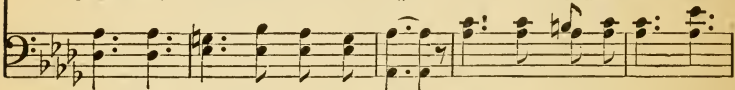
Melody in 2d Tenor.



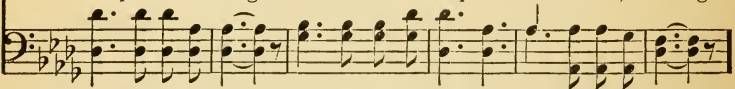
1. Bright, beau-ti - ful morn-ing! Fair, glo-ri-ous day! Thy first ra-diant
2. To Him who for sin-ners His pre-cious life gave; To Him who hath
3. The tomb where they laid Him, With glo-ry is bright; He burst the dark



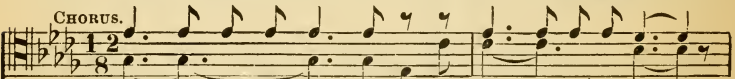
dawn - ing Still brightens our way. Glad hymns of re-joice - ing
con - quered Sin, death, and the grave. The cross where He suf - fered
pris - on, And filled it with light. So ev - 'ry glad East - er



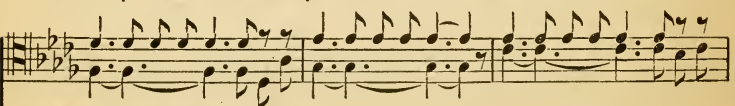
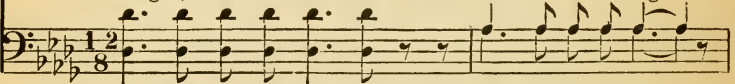
Ex-ult-ant, we sing, While earth's fairest blossoms A tribute we bring.
On Cal-va-ry's brow, With ro-ses and lil - ies Is beau-ti-ful now.
Our praises we sing! All hail to our Conqueror! Hail Jesus, our King!



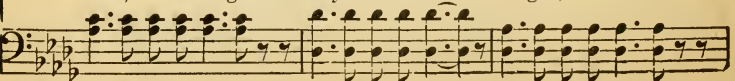
CHORUS.



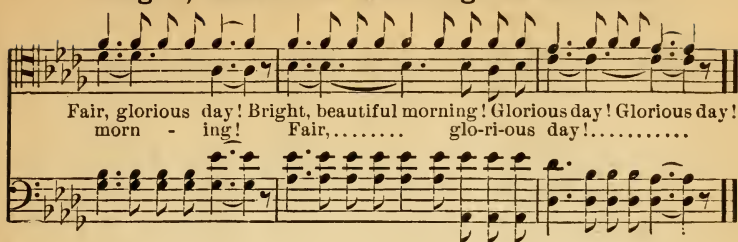
Bright, beau-ti - ful morn - ing! Fair, glo-ri-ous day!
Bright,..... beau - ti - ful morn - - ing!



Bright, beautiful morning! Fair, glorious day! Bright, beautiful morning!
Fair,..... glorious day!..... Bright,..... beau-ti-ful



Bright, Beautiful Morning—Concluded.

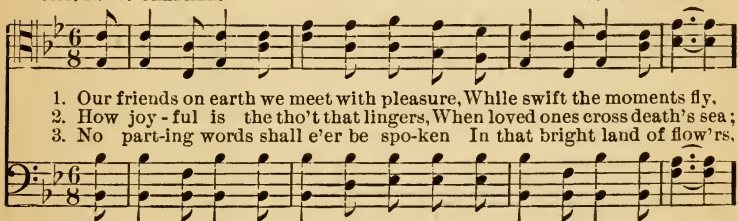


Fair, glorious day! Bright, beautiful morning! Glorious day! Glorious day!
morn - ing! Fair,..... glo-ri-ous day!.....

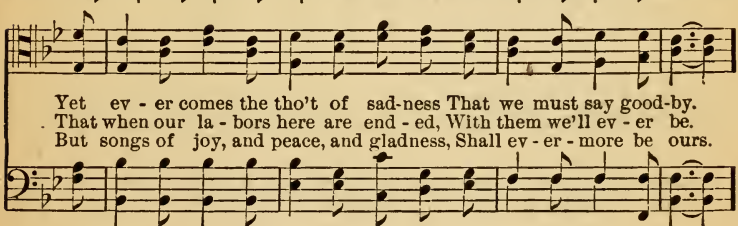
No. 47. We'll Never Say Good-by.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

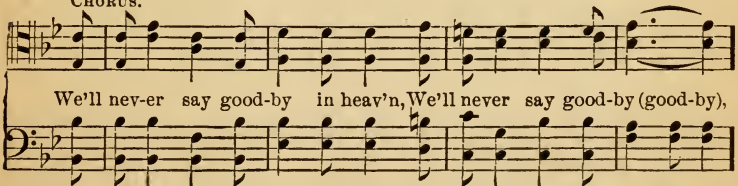


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly.
2. How joy - ful is the tho't that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea;
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spo-ken In that bright land of flow'rs,

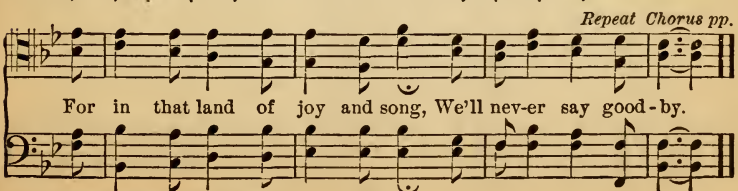


Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness That we must say good-by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

CHORUS.



We'll nev-er say good-by in heav'n, We'll never say good-by (good-by),

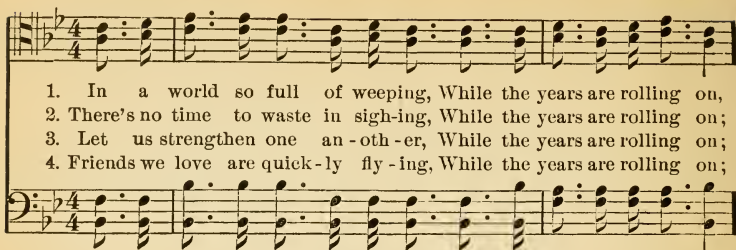


Repeat Chorus *pp.*
For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev-er say good-by.

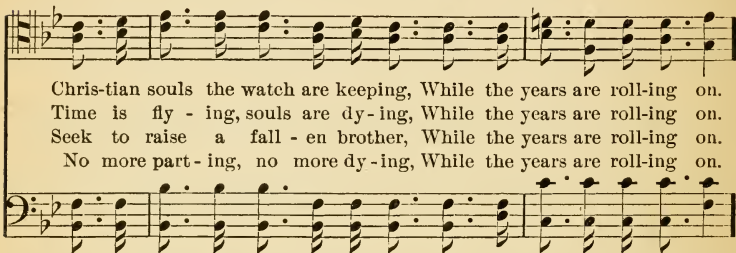
No. 48. While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

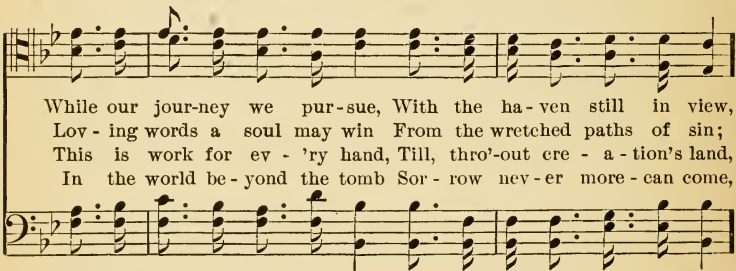
JNO. R. SWENEY.



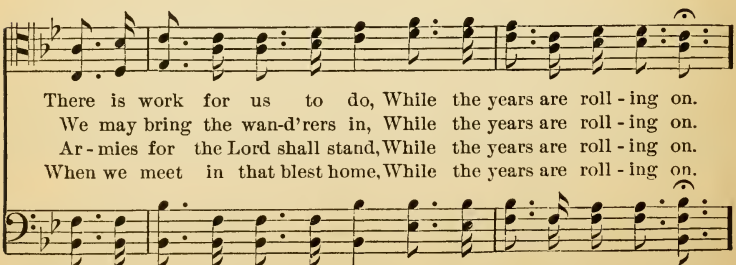
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
 2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are rolling on;
 3. Let us strengthen one an - oth - er, While the years are rolling on;
 4. Friends we love are quick - ly fly - ing, While the years are rolling on;



Chris-tian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are roll-ing on.
 Time is fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
 Seek to raise a fall - en brother, While the years are roll-ing on.
 No more part - ing, no more dy - ing, While the years are roll-ing on.



While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
 Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
 This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, thro'-out ere - a - tion's land,
 In the world be - yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more - can come,



There is work for us to do, While the years are roll - ing on.
 We may bring the wan-d'rers in, While the years are roll - ing on.
 Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll - ing on.
 When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll - ing on.

While the Years are Rolling On—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, Are rolling on,
Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.

No. 49. Sleeping In Jesus.

LAURA F. NEWELL.

J. W. WARD.

1. Sleep-ing in Je - sus, Nev - er to wa - ken; No more in
2. Sleep-ing in Je - sus; Shad - ow and sun - shine, Smil - ing and
3. Sleep-ing in Je - sus; Rest till the morn - ing; Peace-ful thy
sor - row Sad - ly to roam; Called from earth's tri-als In - to God's
weep-ing Ev - er-more done; There with His cho - sen Dwell-ing in
slum-ber, Tranquil and sweet; There with the ran-somed May we in
king - dom; Soft - ly an an - gel Bade thee to come.
rap - ture, Glad with the fi - nal Vic - to - ry won.
heav - en Meet thee and greet thee, All joy com - plete.

No. 50.

"Eye Hath Not Seen."

E. A. BARNES.

1. Cor. 2: 9.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. "Eye hath not seen" the cit - y of the King, The pearl - y gates, the
 2. "Eye hath not seen" the up - per fold of love, The gold - en crowns, the
 3. "Eye hath not seen" the glad, e - ter - nal day, The vic - tor's palms, the

gleam of jas - per walls; The Fa - ther's house, with mansions all so fair.
 shin - ing robes of white; The tree of life be - side the crys - tal stream.
 harps that sweetly ring; The saint - ed band a - round the shin - ing throne.

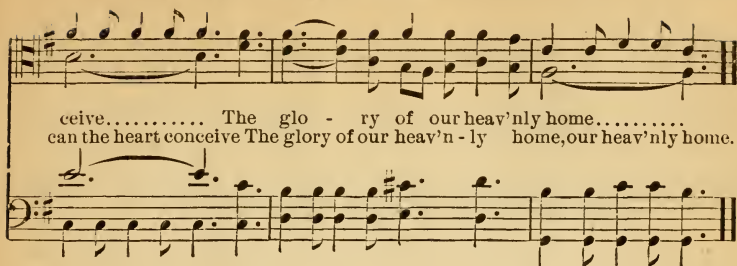
CHORUS

O'er which the light of glo - ry falls. "Eye hath not seen,".....
 That glist - ens in the per - feet light.
 Who praise the glo - ry of the King. "Eye hath not seen."

"Eye hath not seen"..... The glo - - ry of the world to
 "Eye hath not seen" The glo - - ry of the world, the

come;..... "Eye hath not seen,"..... nor can the heart con -
 world to come; "Eye hath not seen," nor

“Eye Hath Not Seen”—Concluded.

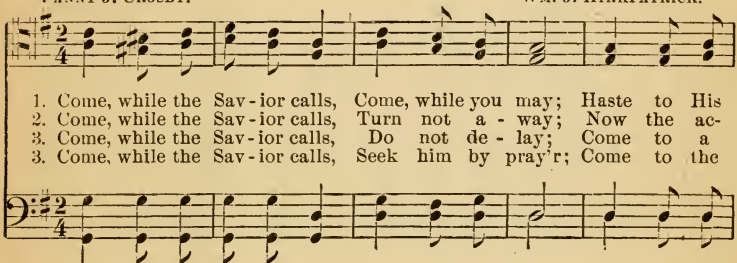


ceive..... The glo - ry of our heav'nly home.....
 can the heart conceive The glory of our heav'n - ly home, our heav'nly home.

No. 51. Come, While the Savior Calls.

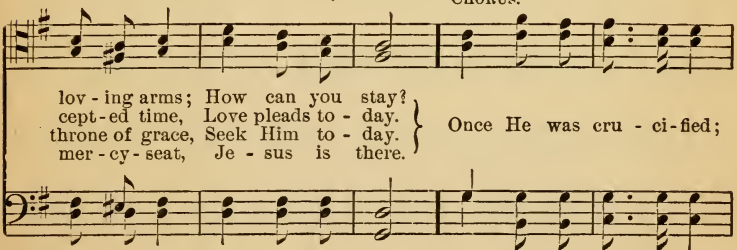
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

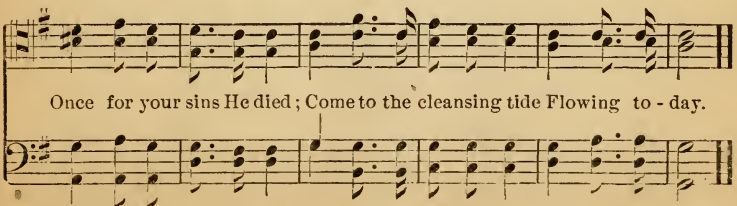


1. Come, while the Sav-ior calls, Come, while you may; Haste to His
 2. Come, while the Sav-ior calls, Turn not a - way; Now the ac-
 3. Come, while the Sav-ior calls, Do not de - lay; Come to a
 3. Come, while the Sav-ior calls, Seek him by pray'r; Come to the

CHORUS.



lov - ing arms; How can you stay?
 cept-ed time, Love pleads to - day. } Once He was cru - ci-fied;
 throne of grace, Seek Him to - day. }
 mer - cy - seat, Je - sus is there.



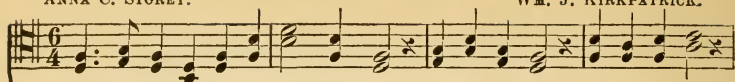
Once for your sins He died; Come to the cleansing tide Flowing to - day.

No. 52.

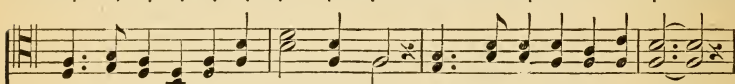
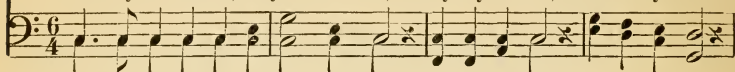
Valley of Rest.

ANNA C. STOREY.

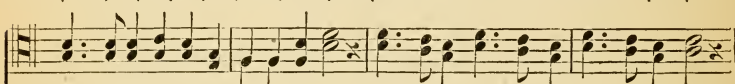
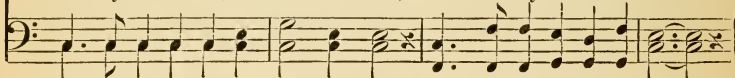
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



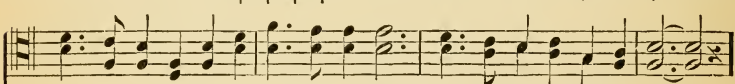
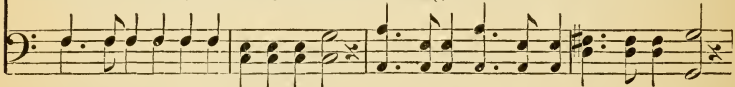
1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest, tranquil and blest,
2. Val - ley of Eden, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Lovely thy bow'rs, fadeless thy flow'rs:



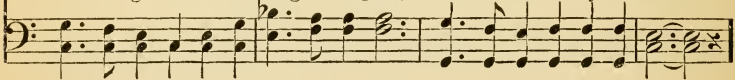
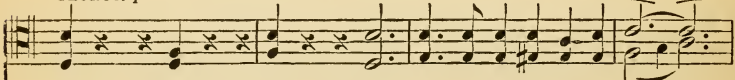
Anchored for - ev - er we soon shall be, Gath - ered with Jesus to rest;
 Hap - py for - ev - er we soon shall rest, O - ver thy bright, blooming hills:
 Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy beau - ti - ful bow'rs.



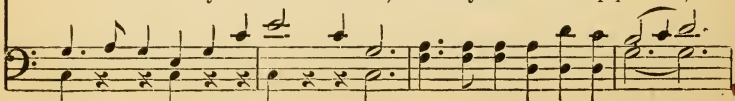
Songs of the ransomed are floating in air, Wafted to earth from thy regions so fair;
 Thine are the beauties that never decay, Thine is the light of a shad - ow - less day;
 Friends that were parted, with rapture shall meet, Casting their crowns at Immanuel's feet:



An - gels are ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.
 Voi - ces of loved ones are calling a - way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
 Still the glad voices of an - gels re - peat, Come to the val - ley of flow'rs.

CHORUS. *p*

Come, come, come, come,
 Come to this valley of E - den fair, Wea - ry and sorrow op - pressed;



Valley of Rest—Concluded.

Rit.

Angels are ten-der-ly call-ing us there, Come to this valley of rest.....
Come, come, come, come, Come to this valley, this valley of rest.

No. 53. Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to Him confessed my guilt and sin,
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet He smiled and bade me look and live;
4. I will sing His pow'r from death to save, I will sing His triumph o'er the grave:

In the pre-cious blood my Sav-ior shed He washed me white as snow.
With His own dear hand He washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
With a calm, sweet peace did I re-ceive,—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

CHORUS.

Oh, my joy-ful song hence-forth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je-sus

cleanseth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleans-eth me.

No. 54.

Come, O My Soul.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, O my soul, my ev - 'ry pow'r a - wak - ing, Look un - to Him
 2. Think, O my soul, how pa - tient - ly He sought thee, Far, far a - way
 3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion Rise to His throne,—
 4. Soon, O my soul, thy earth - ly house for - sak - ing, Soon shalt thou rise

whose goodness crowns thy days; While in - to song an - gel - ic choirs are
 up - on the mountains steep, Then in His arms how ten - der - ly He
 thy Sav - ior, Friend, and Guide; Sing of His love, that, like a might - y
 the bet - ter land to see; Then wilt thy harp, a no - bler strain a -

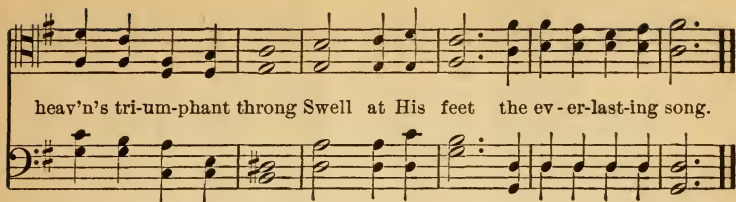
break - ing, Oh, let thy voice its thankful trib - ute raise.
 brought thee Home to His fold, a wea - ry, wan - d'ring sheep.
 o - cean, Flows un - to thee, and all the world be - side.
 wak - ing, Praise Him who died to pur - chase life for thee.

CHORUS.

Tell how, a - lone, the path of death He trod; Tell how He

lives, thy Ad - vo - cate with God: Lift up thy voice, while

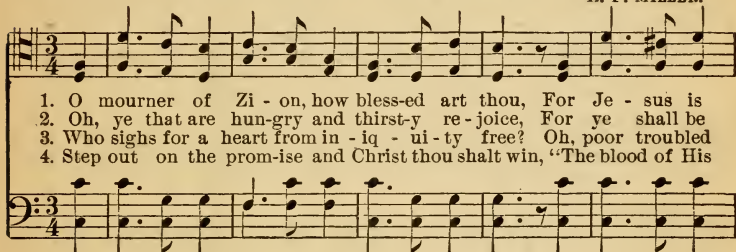
Come, O My Soul—Concluded.



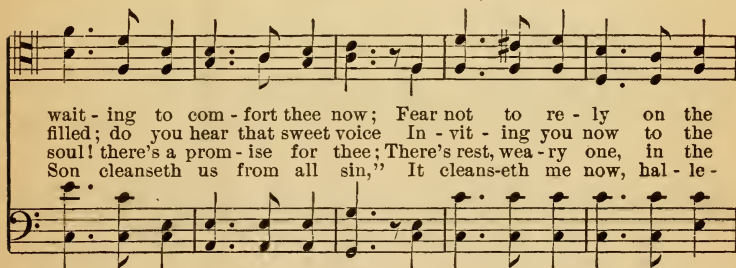
heav'n's tri-um-ph'ant throng Swell at His feet the ev-er-last-ing song.

No. 55. Step Out on the Promise.

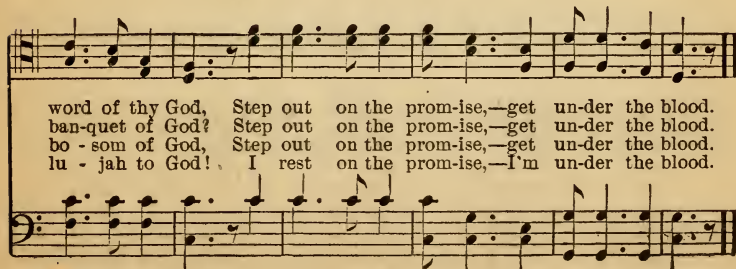
E. F. MILLER.



1. O mourner of Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice, For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? Oh, poor troubled
4. Step out on the prom-ise and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His



wait-ing to com-fort thee now; Fear not to re-ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal-le-



word of thy God, Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.
ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.
bo-som of God, Step out on the prom-ise,—get un-der the blood.
lu-jah to God! I rest on the prom-ise,—I'm un-der the blood.

No. 56.

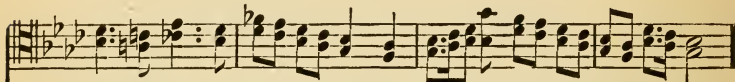
The Waiting Savior.

Prof. P. A. CHADBOURNE.
DUET OF QUARTET.

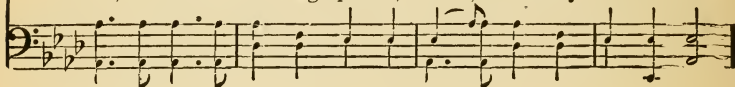
J. H. TENNEY.



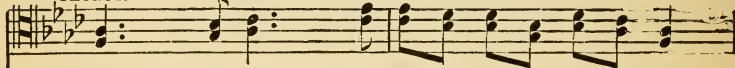
1. In the si - lent hours of darkness, When the world is hushed and still,
2. List - en, O my soul, with wonder, That the Sav - ior comes to thee,
3. Come and en - ter, pre - cious Sav - ior, Come, dear Fa - ther, with the Son,



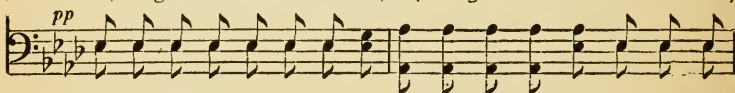
Comes the Sav - ior gen - tly knocking, Till His locks the dew - drops fill.
 Ev - er knocking, ev - er wait - ing, Wait - ing what thy will shall be.
 Come, Thou ev - er lov - ing Spir - it, Come, Thou Ho - ly Three in One.



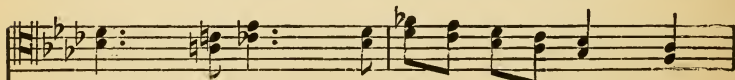
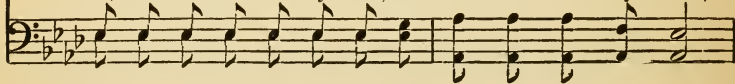
CHORUS.



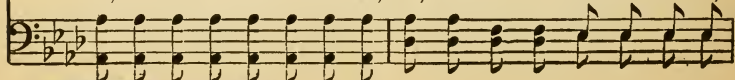
Oh, for grace to list - en to Him,
 Oh, for grace to list - en to Him, Oh, for grace to list - en to Him,



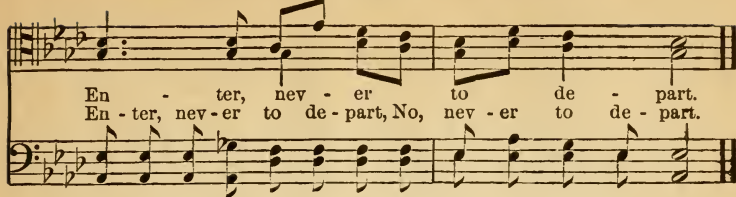
Oh, for room with - in my heart;
 Oh, for room with - in my heart, for room with - in my heart;



Oh, for love to bid Him en - ter,
 Oh, for love to bid Him en - ter, Oh, for love to bid Him en - ter,



The Waiting Savior—Concluded.

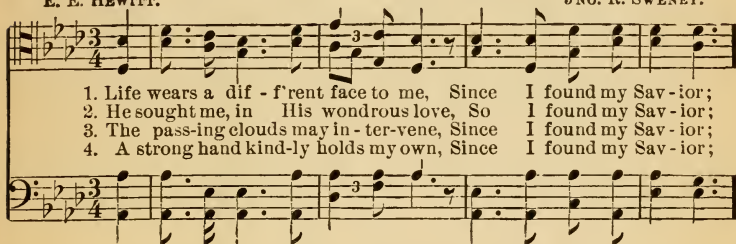


En - ter, nev - er to de - part.
En - ter, nev - er to de - part, No, nev - er to de - part.

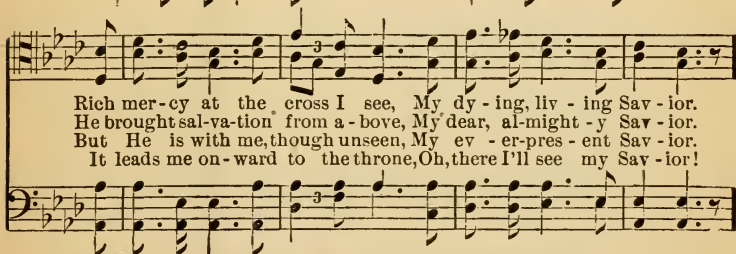
No. 57. Since I Found my Savior.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

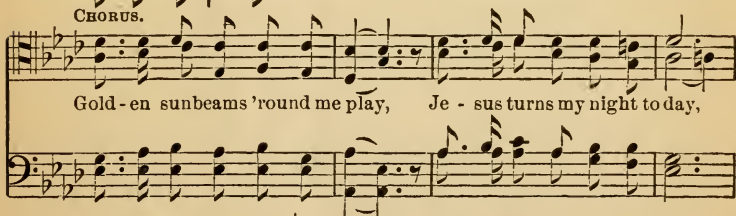


1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me, in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior;
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;

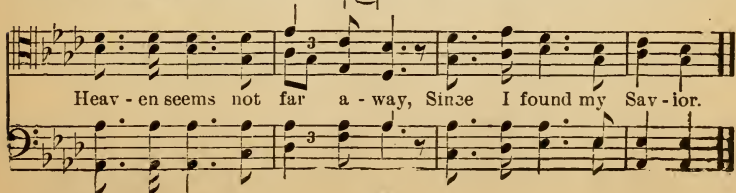


Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, though unseen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav - ior!

CHORUS.



Gold - en sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the mo - ments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay;
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long;

My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
 Till in our Fa - ther's King - dom We swell a no - bler song;

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re - deem - ing love;
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

And look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the prom - ised land!
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where sur - ges roll no more.

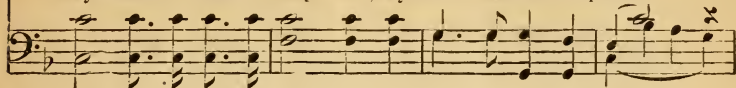
CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss - ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,

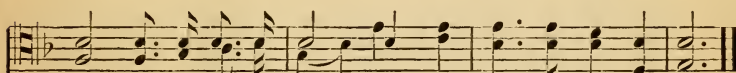
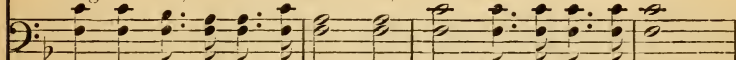
Sing On—Concluded.



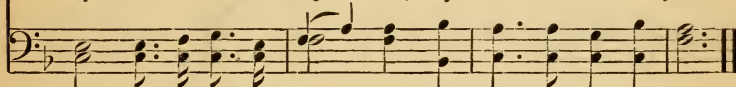
My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



Sing on; blissful, bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,
Sing on; O bliss-ful mu - sic,



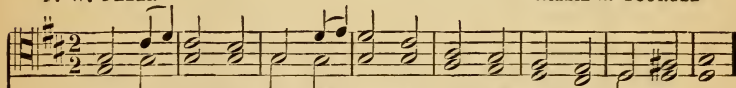
My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



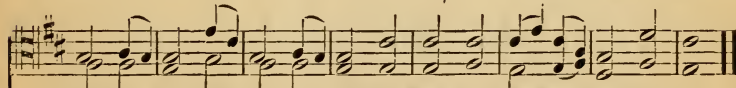
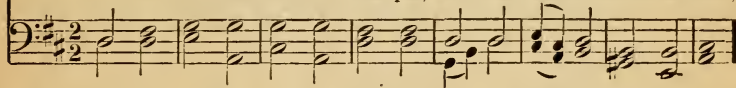
No. 59. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

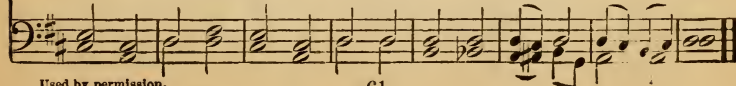
LIZZIE S. TOURGEE



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the widenness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;



There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a might-y voice; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

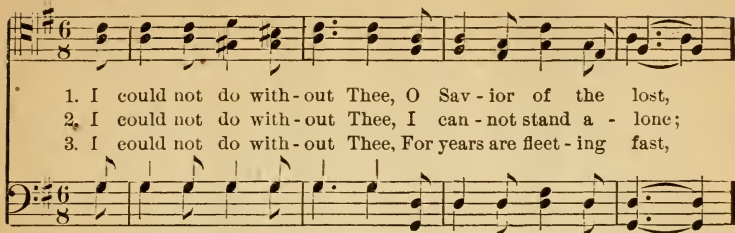
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps, and cross the waves,
 Sing! ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o baek! ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves:
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward! 'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

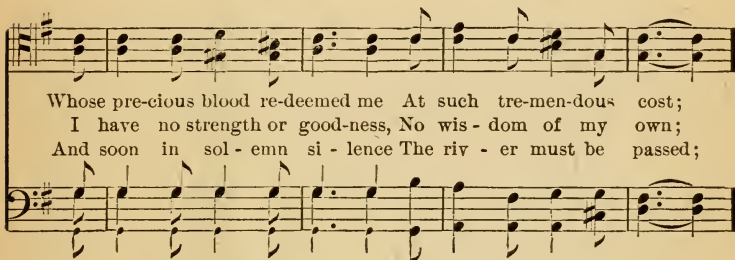
No. 61. I Could Not Do Without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL
Andante.

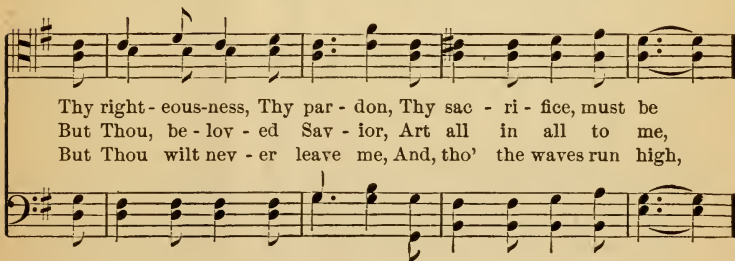
SIGISMUND THALBERG. Arr.



1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav - ior of the lost,
2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
3. I could not do with-out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast,

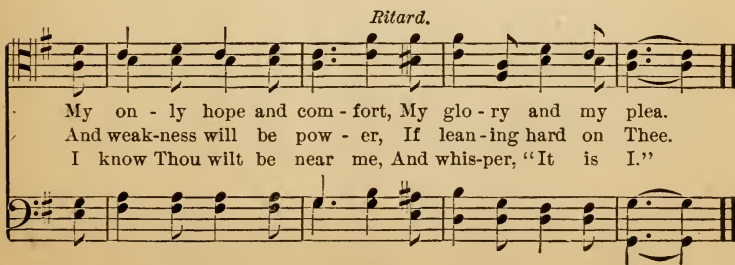


Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
I have no strength or good-ness, No wis - dom of my own;
And soon in sol - emn si - lence The riv - er must be passed;



Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must be
But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - ior, Art all in all to me,
But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high,

Ritard.



My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weak-ness will be pow - er, If lean-ing hard on Thee.
I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per, "It is I."

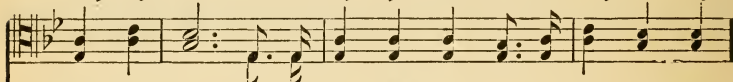
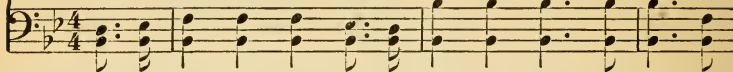
No. 62. Behold, the Bridegroom Comes!

J. M. W.

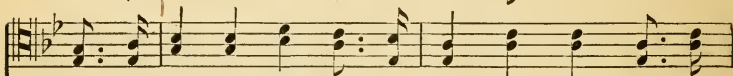
J. M. WHYTE.



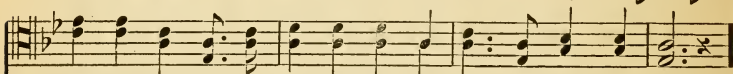
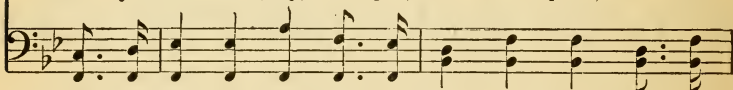
1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Be-hold, the
3. Broth-er, trim your lamp, have it burn-ing bright, "Be-hold, the
4. Hast thou made a vow? hast-en ye to pay, "Be-hold, the



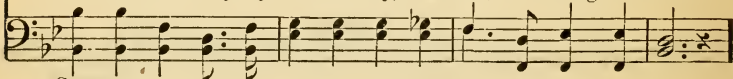
Bridegroom comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the dark-ness deep,
Bridegroom comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
Bridegroom comes!" He will sure-ly come, tho' He seem-eth late,
Bridegroom comes!" For when He has come, and hath closed the door,



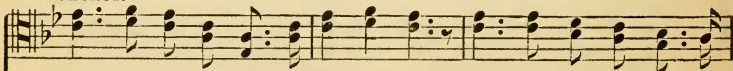
When a-cross our souls heav-y slum-bers creep, We shall
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
Be at peace with Him, nor a mo-ment wait, You will
And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will



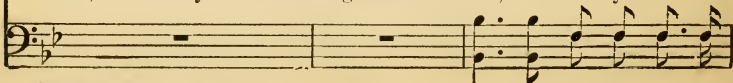
hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
hear the cry ere the morning light, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"



CHORUS.



Oh, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! Oh, be read-y when the



Behold, the Bridegroom Comes—Concluded.



Bride-groom comes! At the noon-tide, in the ev-'ning, At the
He comes, He comes, He

mid - night, in the morn - - - ing, Oh, be read - y,
comes, in the morn-ing, Oh, be read - y, He

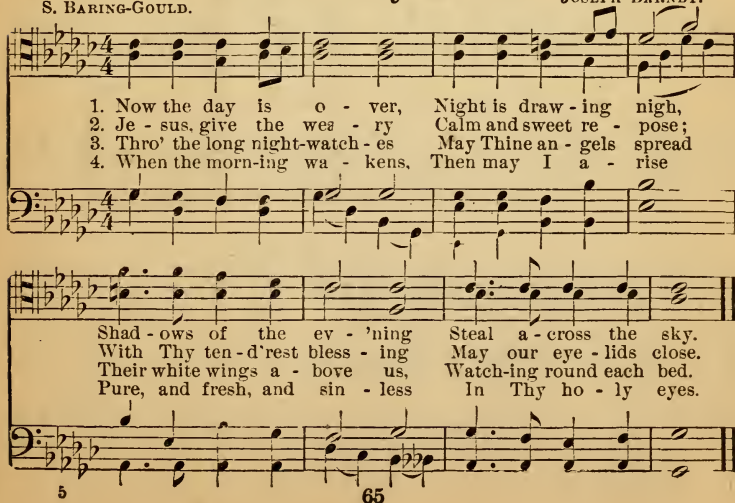
Oh, be read - y, Oh, be read - y when the Bride-groom comes!
comes, He comes, be read - y when the Bride-groom comes!

No. 63.

Now the Day is Over.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

S. BARING-GOULD.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

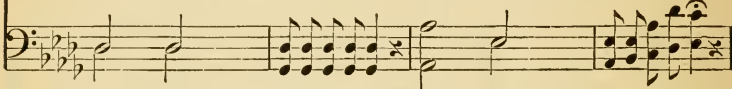
1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray,..... Gen-tly lead me all the way;.....
2. Thou, the refuge of my soul..... When life's stormy billows roll,.....
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last,..... When the storm of life is past,.....



1. Sav ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

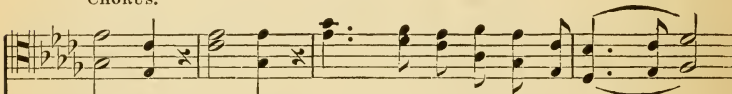


I am safe when by Thy side,.... I would in Thy love a-bide.....
 I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.....
 To the land of end-less day,..... Where all tears are wiped away.....

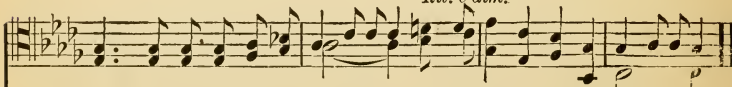


I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

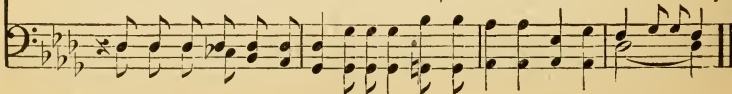
CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
 lest I stray;

*Rit. e dim.*

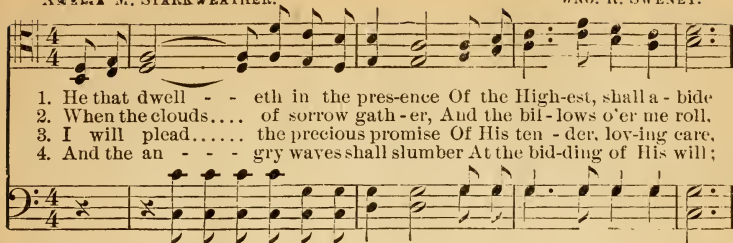
Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.....
 stream of time, all the way.



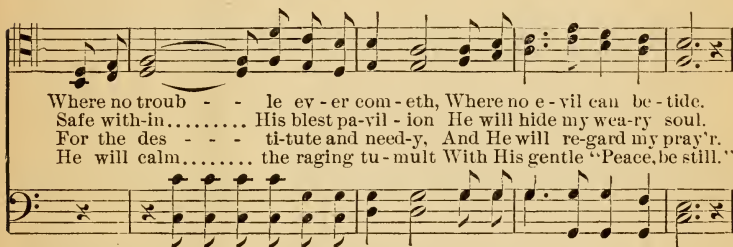
No. 65. In the Shadow of Thy Wing.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

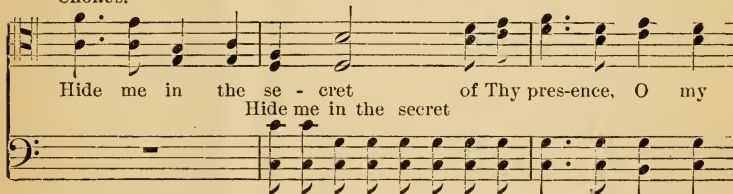


1. He that dwell - - eth in the pres-ence Of the High-est, shall a - bide
 2. When the clouds.... of sorrow gath-er, And the bil-lows o'er me roll.
 3. I will plead..... the precious promise Of His ten - der, lov-ing care,
 4. And the an - - - gry waves shall slumber At the bid-ding of His will;

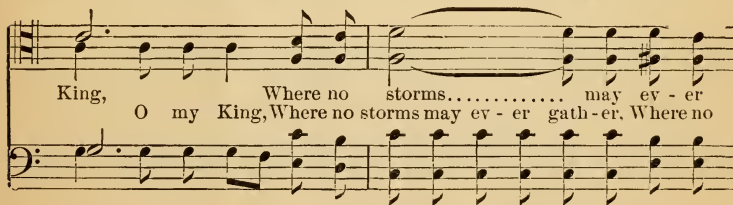


Where no troub - - le ev - er com - eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide.
 Safe with-in..... His blest pa-vil - ion He will hide my wea-ry soul.
 For the des - - - ti-tute and need-y, And He will re-gard my pray'r.
 He will calm..... the raging tu-mult With His gentle "Peace, be still."

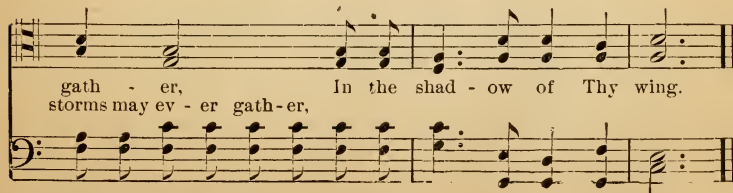
CHORUS.



Hide me in the se - cret of Thy pres-ence, O my
 Hide me in the secret



King, O my King, Where no storms..... may ev - er
 O my King, Where no storms may ev - er gath-er, Where no



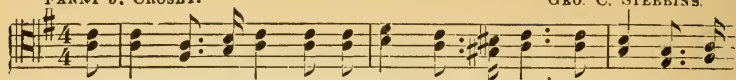
gath - er, In the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 storms may ev - er gath-er,

No. 66.

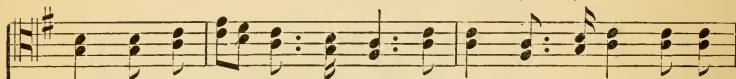
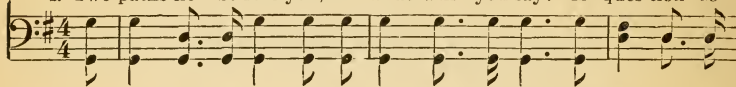
The Two Paths.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

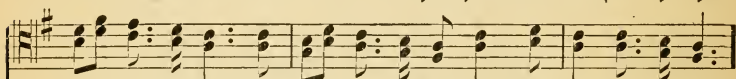
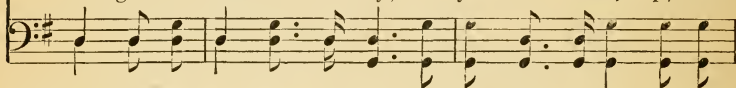
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



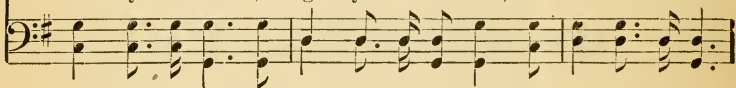
1. Two paths lie be-fore you, which one will you take? For now is the
2. Two paths lie be-fore you, the nar - row and wide; The first has its
3. The first has its tri - als, but you shall be strong, With Je-sus your
4. Two paths lie be-fore you, and what will you say? A ques-tion so



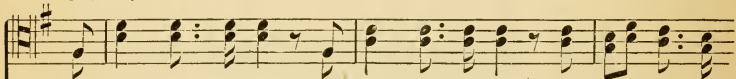
time when a choice you should make; The first leads to Je - sus, the
 way-marks, the oth - er no guide; Think well ere the fi - nal de -
 Sav - ior to help you a - long; The first has its cross - es that
 ur - gent ad - mits no de - lay; If you would be hap - py this



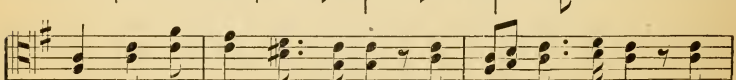
soul's dearest friend, The oth - er in darkness and ru - in will end.
 ci - sion you make, Two paths lie be-fore you, which one will you take?
 all must en-dure, And yet to the faith-ful the crown will be sure.
 course you must take, The good you must fol-low, the e - vil for-sake.



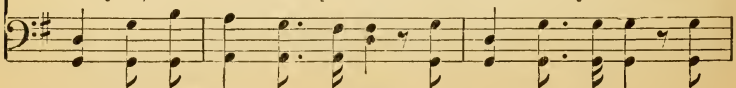
CHORUS.



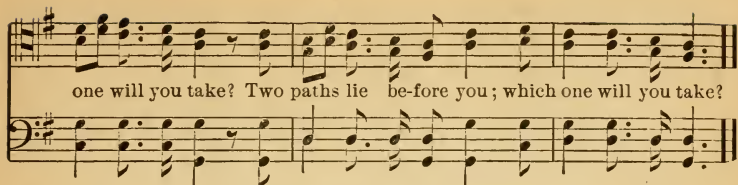
Which one will you take? which one will you take? Two paths lie be-



fore you; which one will you take? Which one will you take? which



The Two Paths--Concluded.



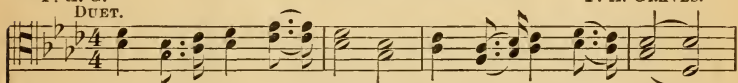
one will you take? Two paths lie be-fore you; which one will you take?

No. 67.

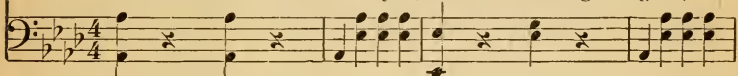
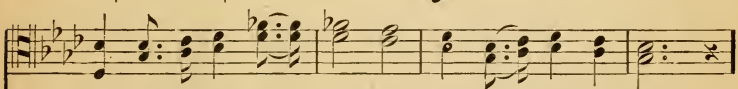
Come to the Feast.

F. A. G.
DUET.

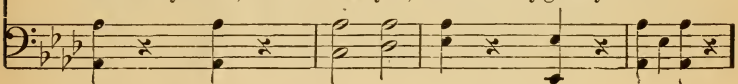
F. A. GRAVES.



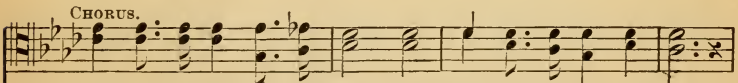
1. "Ho! ev'-ry one that thirst-eth, come ye to the wa-ters;
2. Now has the dear lov-ing Sav-ior spread here a ta - ble for thee,
3. Why do you lon-ger re-fuse Him, why say to Him, de - part?
4. O - ver and o-ver He's called you, now He is call-ing a - gain;

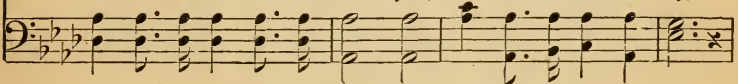
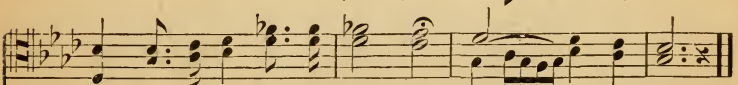
And he that hath no mon - ey, come ye buy and eat,"
Thus will He feed all the hun - gry, yes, 'tis for you and me.
Give Him your time and your tal - ent, give Him a trust-ing heart.
Just as you are, He'll re-ceive you, cleanse ev'-ry guilt-y stain.



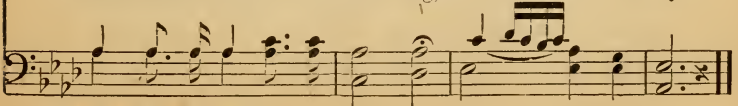
CHORUS.



Come, for the feast is be - fore you, Come un - to Him to - day,

Come while the Sav-ior is wait - ing, Turn.... not a - way.



No. 68.

Onward and Upward.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On-ward still, and up-ward, Fol-low ev - er - more Where our mighty
 2. On-ward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
 3. Up-ward, ev - er up-ward, Tow'rd the radiant glow, Far a - bove the

Leader Goes in love be-fore; "Looking un-to Je-sus," Reach a helping hand
 soft - ly Under skies se-rene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
 valley Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, 'Till the march shall end,

CHORUS.

To a struggling neighbor, Helping Him to stand. Marching on - - -
 Trusting Him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
 Where ten thousand thousand Hal-le-lu-jahs blend. Marching onward, marching

ward, up - - - ward, March-ing stead-i-ly
 on-ward, onward, up-ward, marching upward, upward,

onward, Je-sus leads the way, Marching on - - - ward,
 onward, marching onward, onward,

Onward and Upward—Concluded.

up - - - ward, Onward un-to glo-ry, To the per-fect day.
upward, marching upward, upward,

No. 69. The Everlasting Arms.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a tho't that cheers me ev - er, Keeps my soul from all a-larms,
2. Tho' the skies are dark a-bove me, Thorn-y be the path be-low,
3. What tho' griefs and care en-cum-ber, Wea-ry bur-dens press me long,
4. Oh, the peace the sweet hope bringeth, And my soul is sat-is-fied,

I shall find e - ter-nal ref - uge In the Ev - er-last-ing Arms.
He will safe - ly keep who loves me, And my soul no fear shall know.
When His kindness I re - mem-ber, This shall ev - er be my song.
And my heart with-in me sing - eth, I shall safe - ly there a - bide.

CHORUS.

In the Ev - er-last-ing Arms, In the Ev - er-last-ing Arms,

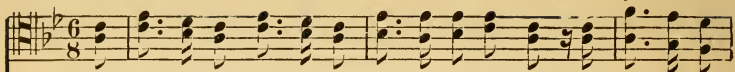
We shall find e - ter-nal ref - uge In the Ev - er-last-ing Arms.

No. 70.

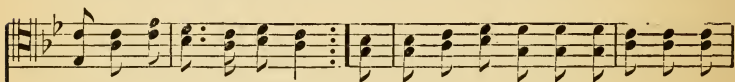
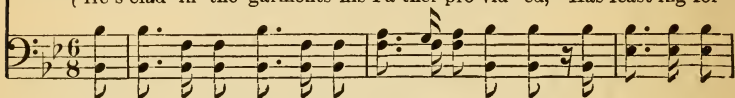
Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR.

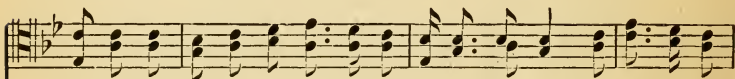
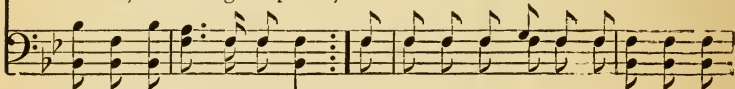
Arr. by J. J. H.



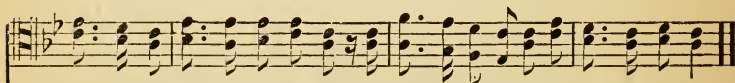
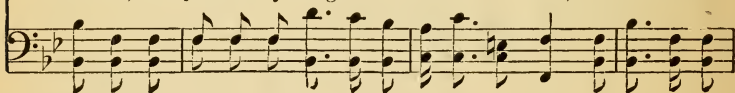
1. { How rest-less the soul of the wand'rer from Je-sus! No spot in the
Un-con-scious he drifts on the waves of his fol-ly, Still far-ther and
2. { His soul in sad ex-ile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning con-
He hears, as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that
3. { New songs of re-joicing now thrill that old homestead, The best robe bro't
He's clad in the garments his Fa-ther pro-vid-ed, Has feast-ing for



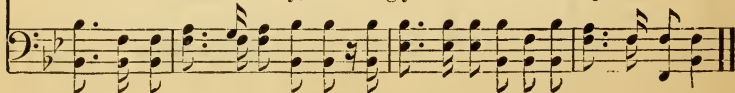
wide world can comfort afford ; } Yet still there are moments of fond rec-ol-
far-ther a-way from his Lord. } vic-tions are tossing his breast ; } He list-ens ! the Spir-it re-peats the sweet
la-bor, and I'll give you rest." } forth, ring, and shoes for His feet ; } Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to the
fam-ine, and resting complete. }



lection, When bright scenes of child-hood come fresh to his view, And chords of "sweet
mes-sage, And turning from fol-ly, no longer to roam, He ventures in
Sav-ior, He pa-tient-ly lingers to lav-ish His love ; His arm is out-



home" that have long been reposing, By fingers unseen are awakened a-new.
weakness, but strength is imparted ; And gladly he's welcomed by Father at home.
stretched to rescue the needy, And bring you to mansions He's promised above.

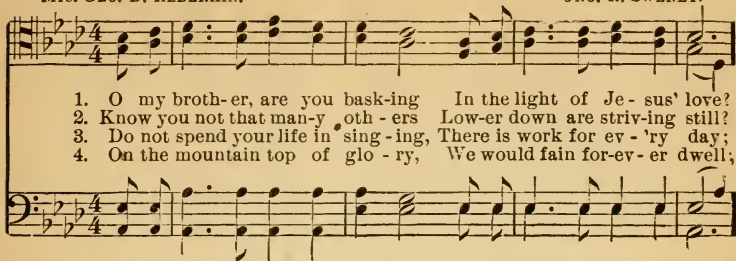


No. 71.

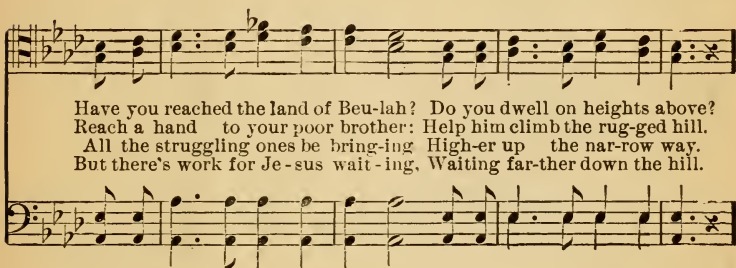
Help Your Brother.

Mrs. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

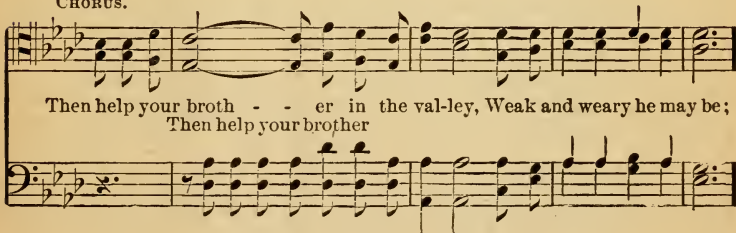


1. O my broth-er, are you bask-ing In the light of Je-sus' love?
 2. Know you not that man-y oth-ers Low-er down are striv-ing still?
 3. Do not spend your life in sing-ing, There is work for ev-'ry day;
 4. On the mountain top of glo-ry, We would fain for-ev-er dwell;

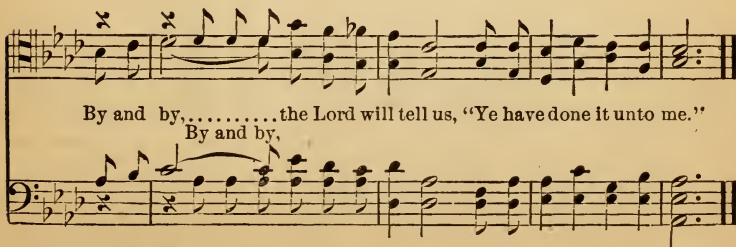


Have you reached the land of Beau-lah? Do you dwell on heights above?
 Reach a hand to your poor brother: Help him climb the rug-ged hill.
 All the struggling ones be bring-ing High-er up the nar-row way.
 But there's work for Je-sus wait-ing, Waiting far-ther down the hill.

CHORUS.



Then help your broth - - er in the val-ley, Weak and weary he may be;
 Then help your brother



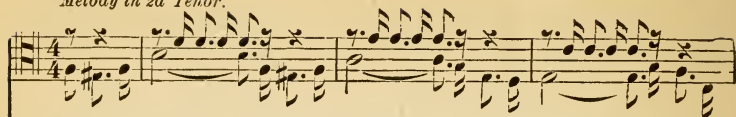
By and by,.....the Lord will tell us, "Ye have done it unto me."
 By and by,

No. 72.

One Thing I Know.

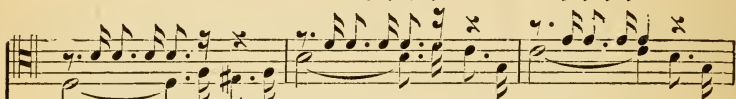
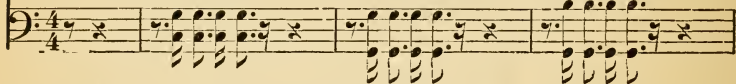
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

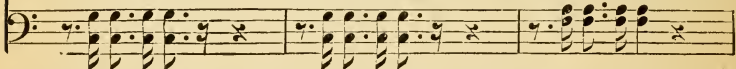
Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. One thing I know;....oh, bless His name!... To me the Lord..... of mercy
2. One thing I know;.... He heard my cries,... With mighty pow'r He touched my
3. One thing I know;.... He died for me,..... In Him my hope,.. my trust shall
4. One thing I know;.... the Savior's mine,... Oh, boundless grace,.. oh, joy di-
5. One thing I know;.... oh, help me sing.... Such happy praise...to Christ, our

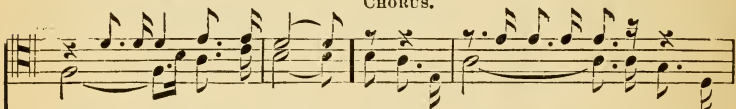
1. One thing I know, oh, bless His name, To me the Lord



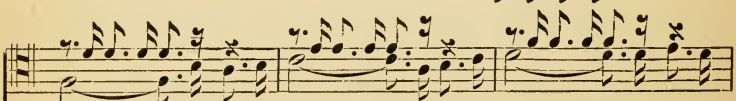
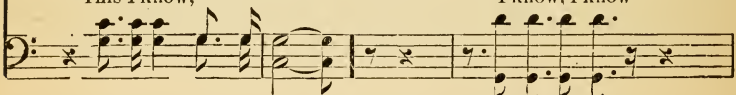
came,..... He filled my heart,..... with love's bright flame,.. This I
 eyes,..... To see the light,..... that nev-er dies,..... This I
 be,..... My Sav-ior lives..... e - ter-nal - ly,..... This I
 vine!..... And heav'nly beams..... a-round me shine,..... This I
 King,..... While smiling faith..... and love up-spring,..... This I
 of mercy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame.



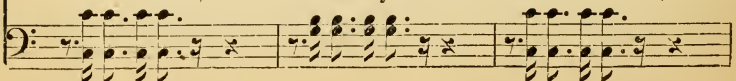
CHORUS.



know,..... this I know. I know, I know..... He loved me
 This I know, I know, I know



so..... He saved my soul..... from sin and woe,..... Now peace and
 He loved me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,



One Thing I Know—Concluded.

joy..... He doth bestow..... This I know,..... This I know.
 Now peace and joy He doth bestow, This I know,

No. 73.

The Coming Day.

M. A. WEST.

J. W. WARD.

1. Oh, the day of joy that's coming When the reign of sin is o'er,
 2. Coming, com-ing, surely coming! Christ shall reign as Prince of Peace;
 3. Righteousness and truth for-ev-er Fill the world with love and light,
 4. Eyes that wept shall shine with rapture, Hearts once broken sing for joy,
 5. Aye, that day is com-ing, coming! Sing, my soul, re-joice and sing!

FINE.

And this earth, re-newed and ransomed, Par-a-dise shall bloom once more.
 And thro' all His vast do-min-ion Strife, and wrong, and sorrow cease.
 And the reign of wrong and er-ror Van-ish in an end-less night.
 And the peace that passeth tell-ing Fill each soul without al-loy.
 Like a bride prepared to meet Him, Who is com-ing as thy King.

D. S.—For that day will then de-clare Him O-ver all this earth the King.

CHORUS.

D. S.

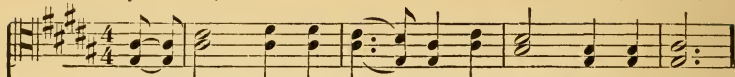
We'll re-joice in that glad chorus, And our souls with rapture sing;

No. 74.

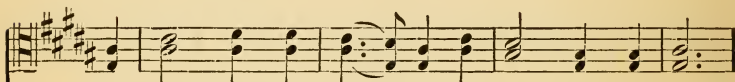
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

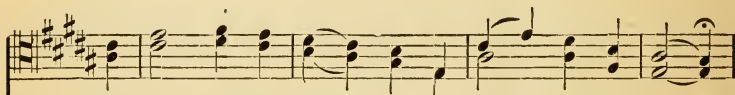
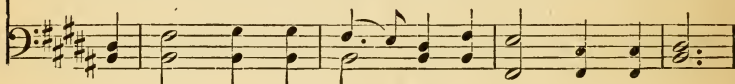
A. J. GORDON.



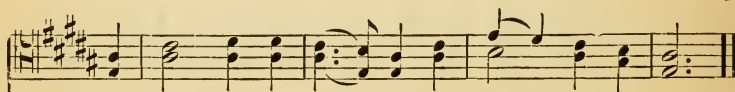
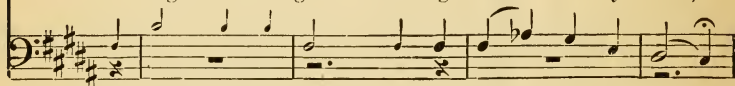
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



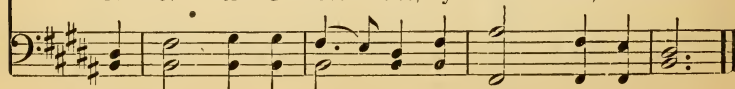
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



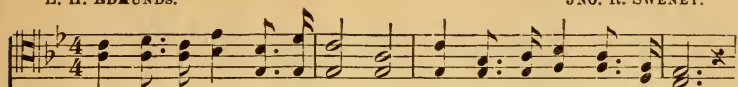
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - - sus, 'tis now.



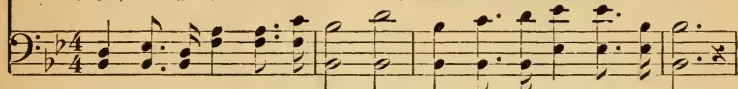
No. 75. Oh, for a Vision of Jesus!

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

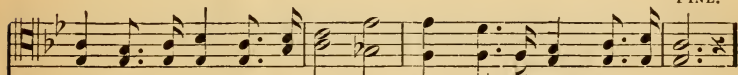


1. Oh, for a vi - sion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face,
2. Oh, for a vi - sion of Je - sus! Seen in the won - der - ful Book!
3. Oh, for a vi - sion of Je - sus! When roll the bil - lows of grief!
4. Oh, for a vi - sion of Je - sus! When near the cold Jor - dan - tide!

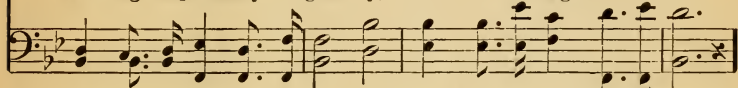


CHO.—Oh, for a vi - sion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face!

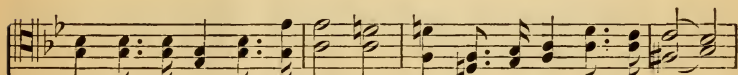
FINE.



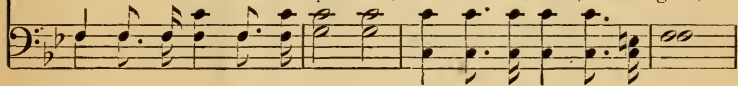
Ra - diant with heav - en - ly glo - ry, Beam - ing with heav - en - ly grace!
As in a clear, shin - ing mir - ror, In those dear pa - ges I look,
O - ver the wa - ters of sor - row, Sav - ior, Thy smile brings re - lief.
Mak - ing a path - way of glo - ry, E'en to the bright "other side."



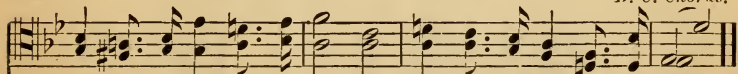
Ra - diant with heav - en - ly glo - ry, Beam - ing with heav - en - ly grace!



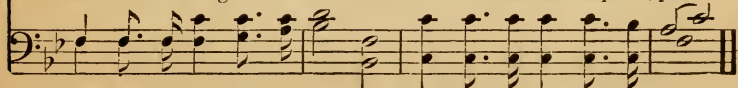
Not here to mor - tals 'tis giv - en, Veil - less His beau - ty 'to see,
There, Lamb of God, is Thy like - ness, There glows Thy im - age di - vine;
One look—the tempest is pass - ing; One word—the waves are at rest;
There in in - ef - fa - ble splen - dor, Man - i - fest, Lord, to our gaze,



D. C. Chorus.

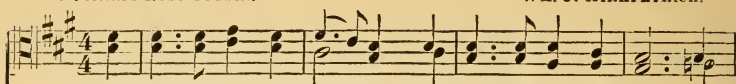


Yet in the soul's con - tem - pla - tion, Show Thy - self, Sav - ior, to me.
So let me gaze till Thy Spir - it, Lord, is re - flect - ed in mine.
Sweet peace beyond un - der - stand - ing, Je - sus is there "man - i - fest."
More than the an - gels, we'll love Thee, More than the ser - a - phim, praise.

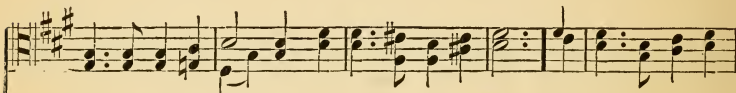
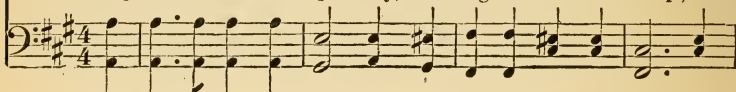


Mrs. ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

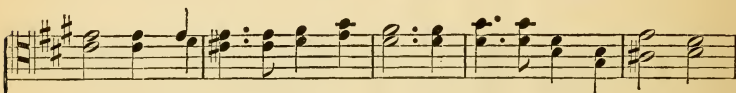
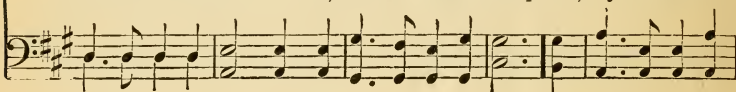
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



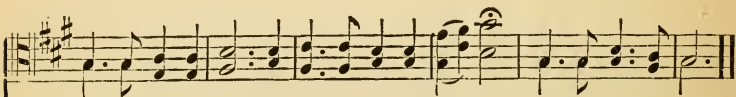
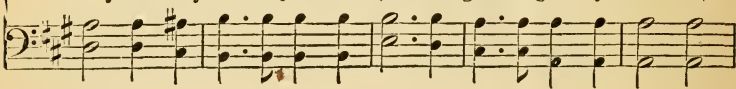
1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks; The
2. O Christ, He is the foun-tain, The deep, sweet well of love! The
3. I've wrest-led on t'ward heav-en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now
4. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now



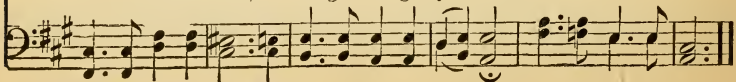
summer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn awakes. Dark, dark hath been the
streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an o-cean
like a wea-ry trav-'ler That lean-eth on His guide, A-mid the shades of
theselie all be-hind me—Oh, for a well tuned harp! Oh, to join the halle-



mid-night, But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth
full-ness, His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth
ev-'ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo-ry dawn-ing
lu-jah With yon triumphant band, Who sing where glo-ry dwell-eth,



In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
From Immanuel's land, I hail the glo-ry dawning From Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land.

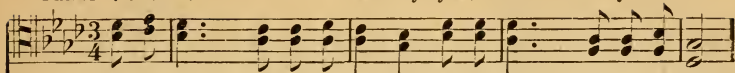


No. 77.

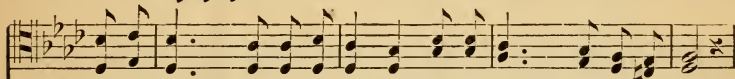
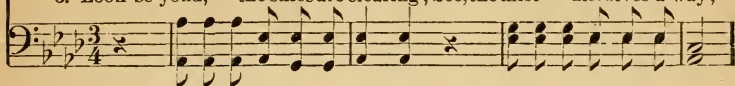
Home at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

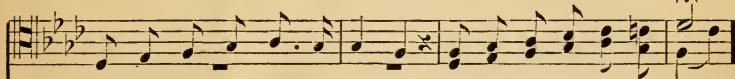
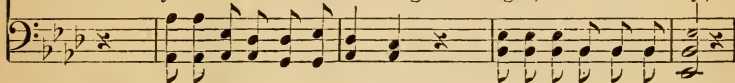
Melody by M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. K.



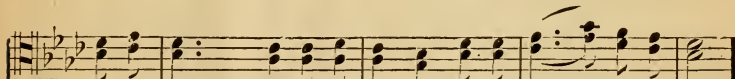
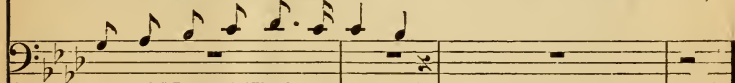
1. Hark the song of ho-ly rap-ture, Hear it break from yonder strand
 2. Oh, the long and sweet reunion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
 3. Look be-yond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves a-way;



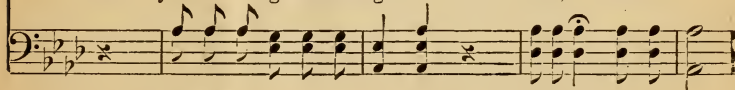
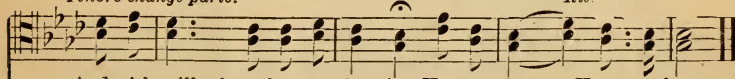
Where our friends for us are wait-ing, In the gold - en summer land;
 Oh, the greet - ing, endless greeting, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;



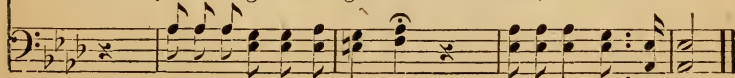
They have reached the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have passed,
 Where the hop-ing and de-spond-ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
 Soon the shad-ows will be lift - ed That a-round us now are cast,



And with mill - ions they are shouting, Home at last, Home at last:
 And we en - ter life e - ter-nal, -Home at last, Home at last:
 And re - joic - ing we shall gather Home at last, Home at last:

*Tenors change parts.**Rit.*

And with mill - ions they are shouting, Home at last, Home at last:
 And we en - ter life e - ter-nal, -Home at last, Home at last:
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath-er Home at last, Home at last.



No. 78.

Home of the Soul.

R. J. P.

R. JAY POWELL.

1. Oh, home-land of the true and the faith - ful, Near - er to -
 2. When oft wea - ry of cares that op - press us, Feel - ing the
 3. Oh, thou ev - er - green mountain of pleas - ure, Ev - er to

Cres.
 day than e'er be - fore; Brightest of pros - pects, grandest of
 need of sweet re - lease; O - ver the riv - er in tho't we
 thee our tho'ts will turn; Sweet - ly we pon - der o - ver thy

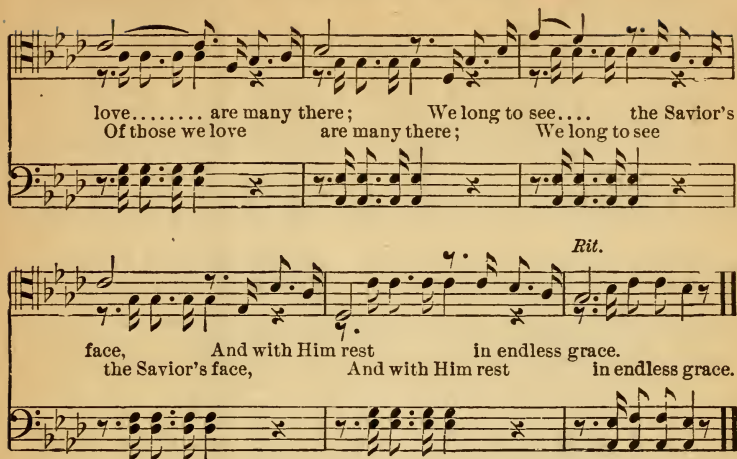
vi - sions, Thinking of thee we long to pass o'er; Long for the
 wan - der, Home of the Sav - ior, ha - ven of peace; Rest for the
 beau - ties, More of thy grand - eur glad - ly we learn; Light makes thee

dear ones gone on be - fore us, Longing for Je - sus more and more.
 wea - ry, light for the drear - y, None can molest, and strife shall cease.
 dear - er, night brings thee nearer, Home of the an - gels, peaceful home.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

O happy home, so bright and fair, Of those we
 O hap - py home, so bright and fair,

Home of the Soul—Concluded.



love..... are many there; We long to see.... the Savior's
Of those we love are many there; We long to see

Rit.

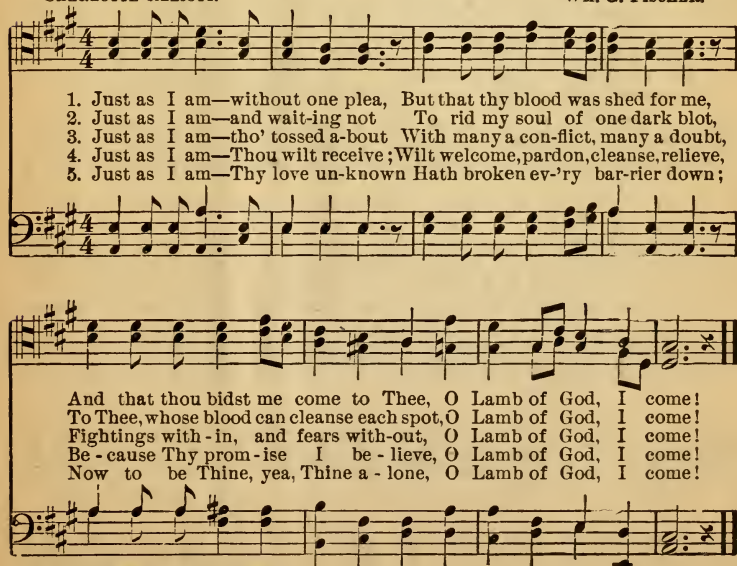
face, And with Him rest in endless grace.
the Savior's face, And with Him rest in endless grace.

No. 79.

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am—tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive; Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am—Thy love un-known Hath broken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

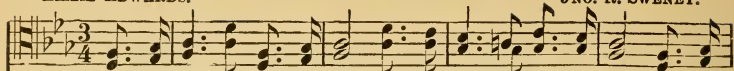
And that thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 80.

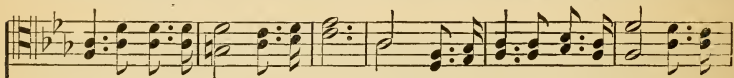
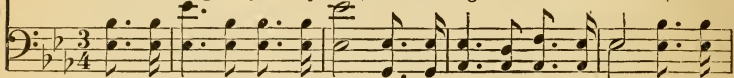
In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

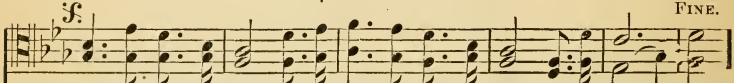
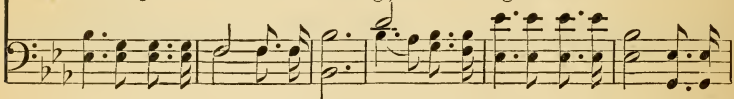
JNO. R. SWENEY.



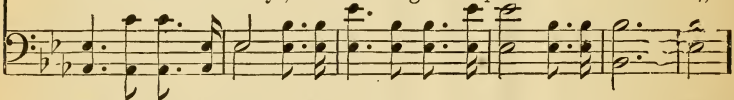
1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry, oft we roam, But we
2. Oh, these ten-der, bro-ken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the nar-row sea, And we
4. Thro' our pil-grim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us



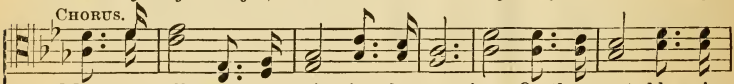
know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor safely cast, Ev-ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Savior's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and per-se-vere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the



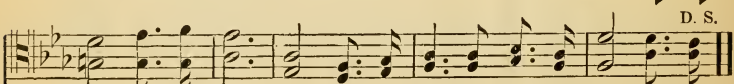
storm-y wave is past, And we gath-er safe at last in the morn - ing.
robes im-mor-tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn - ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn - ing.



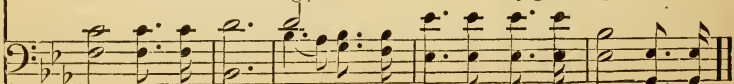
D. S.—sun - ny re-gion bright, When we hail the bless-ed light of the morn - ing.



When we all meet a - gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet, blooming



hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er - more to say good-night In that

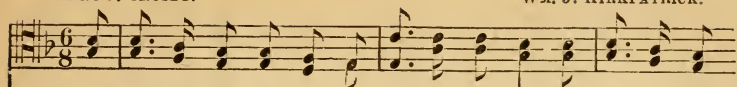


No. 81.

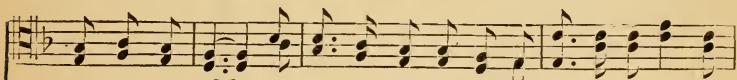
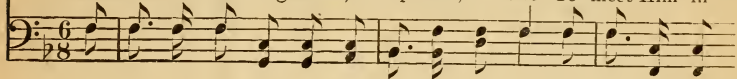
He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

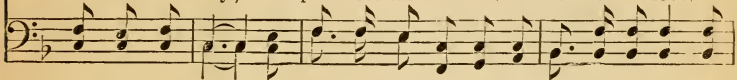
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



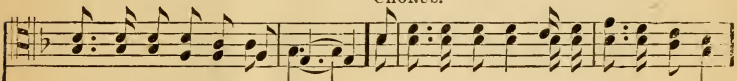
1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With num-ber-less blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transported, I rise To meet Him in



Sav-ior to me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock, Where
bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up, And I shall not be moved. He
full-ness di-vine; I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo-ry to God, For
clouds of the sky; His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll

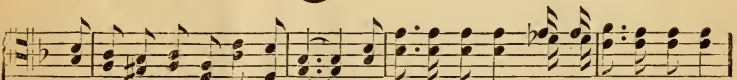
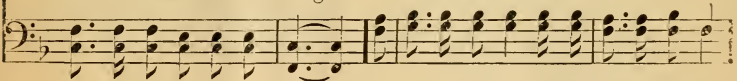


CHORUS.

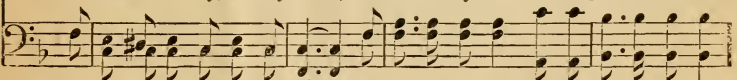


riv-ers of pleasure I see.
giv-eth me strength as my day.
such a Re-deem-er as mine.
shout with the millions on high.

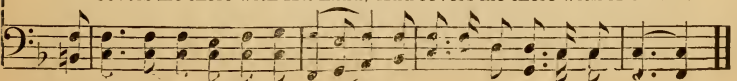
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the Rock.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love.



And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

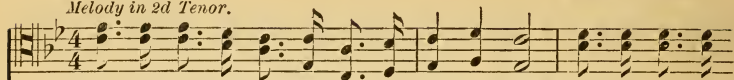


No. 82. Jesus, Keep Me Near Thee.

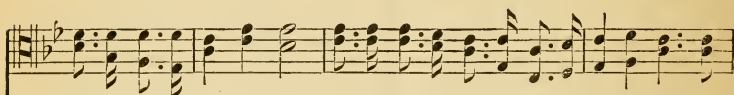
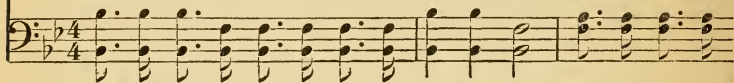
WM. H. HORNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Melody in 2d Tenor.



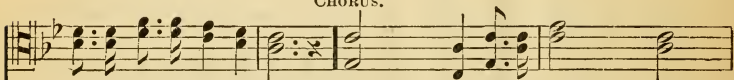
1. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, nev - er let me stray, Keep me, precious
2. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when temptations come, May I nev - er
3. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when the clouds a - rise, And when storms of
4. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, in life's ey - 'ry care, May Thy bless - ed
5. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, ev - er con - stant Friend, All thro' life's long



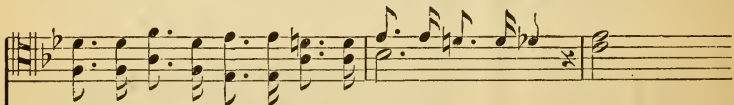
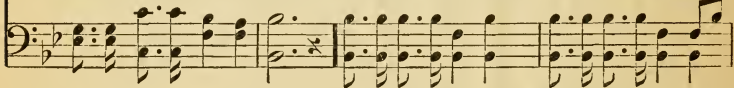
Sav - ior, faithful ev - 'ry day; Oh, be Thou my Leader all thro' life's long way, And
wander back in sin to roam, But be faithful ever, when abroad or home, And
tri - al darken earth's skies, May Thy heavenly sunshine gladden then my eyes, And
Presence cheer me ev'rywhere, And may blessed comfort come thro' faith and prayer, To
journey till I see its end, Cheer me then in death, and shining angels send, To



CHORUS.



take me home to heav'n at last. Je - - sus, keep me near Thee,
safe arrive at heav'n at last.
guide me safe to heav'n at last.
fit my soul for heav'n at last.
take me home to heav'n at last. Jesus, keep me near Thee, Jesus, keep me near Thee,



Lead me in the bless - ed nar - row way; Je - -
in the bless - ed nar - row way; Je - sus, keep me



Jesus, Keep Me Near Thee—Concluded.

sus, keep me near Thee, Nev-er from Thy fold to stray.
 near Thee, to stray.

No. 83.

Drifting.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wherefore art thou wrapt in slumber, Drift-ing on so aim-less-ly;
2. Drift-ing while the sky is sun-ny; Balm-y perfume fills the air,
3. Rouse thee, rouse thee from thy dreaming! Sleeper on a treach'rous tide;
4. I-dly drift-ing then no long-er, Sav-ing oth-ers out at sea;

Know thou not time's fitful wa-ters Hast-en towards E-ter-ni-ty?
 Charm-ing thee to fa-tal slum-ber, Not a tho't and not a pray'r.
 Help-less on a sea of per-il, Call the Sav-ior to Thy side.
 Speed-ing on-ward to His glo-ry, Towards a bright E-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

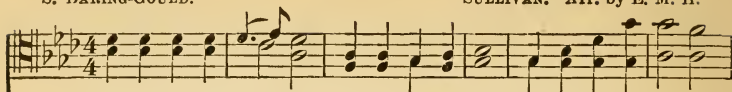
Drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing, To the great E-
 4th v. Speeding, speeding, speeding, speed-ing, To the great E-

ter-ni-ty, To the great E-ter-ni-ty.

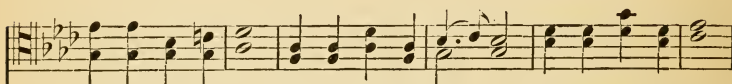
No. 84. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

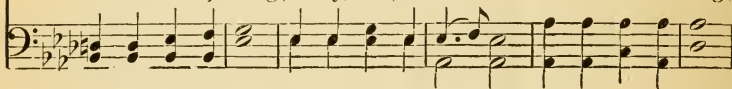
SULLIVAN. Arr. by E. M. H.



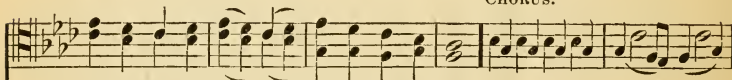
1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



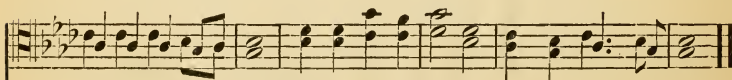
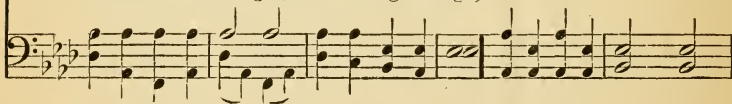
Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid - ed, All one bod - y we,—
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or Un-to Christ the King;



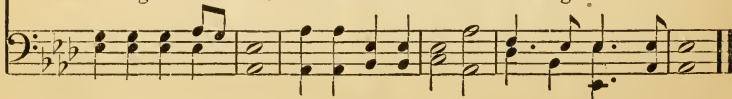
CHORUS.



Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go! }
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your an-thems raise! }
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty, } Onward, Christian soldiers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. }
This, thro' countless ages, Men and angels sing. }



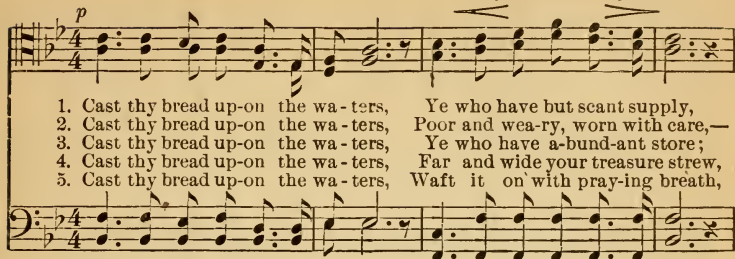
Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be - fore.



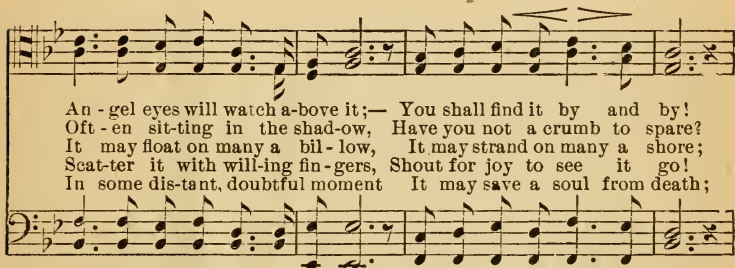
No. 85. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Adapted and arr. by W. J. K.

p

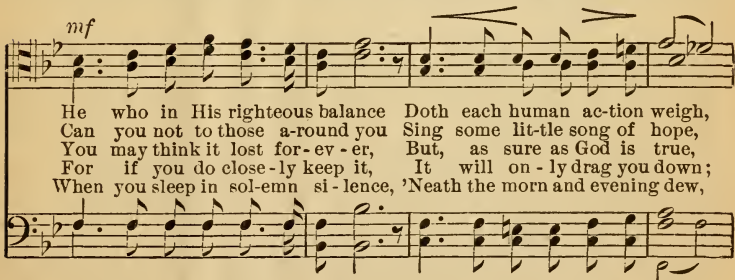


1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant supply,
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bund-ant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasure strew,
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,

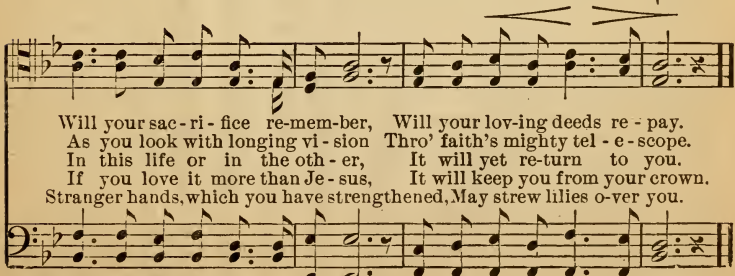


An-gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
 Oft-en sit-ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
 Seat-ter it with will-ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some dis-tant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;

mf



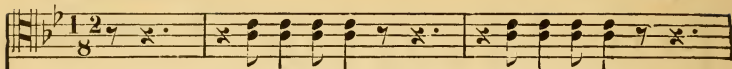
He who in His righteous balance Doth each human ac-tion weigh,
 Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
 For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in sol-emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
 As you look with longing vi-sion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope.
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o-ver you.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENNY.



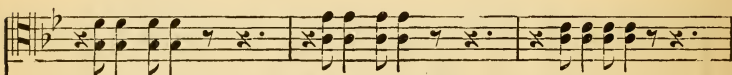
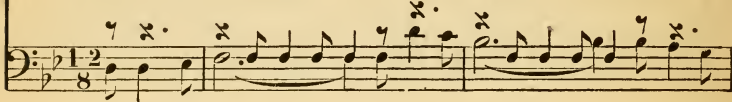
1. O troubled heart, behold and see,

1. O trou-ble-d heart,..... behold and see,..... What grace di-

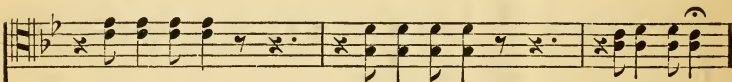
2. By cool-ing streams..... that murmur low,..... In dew-y

3. Tho' tri-als oft..... thy cup may fill,..... His watchful

4. There is a smile..... for ev'-ry tear,..... A bless-ed



What grace divine hast done for thee; How, step by step,
vine..... hast done for thee;..... How, step by step,..... it leads thy
meads..... where flow'rets grow,.... He bids thee rest..... in safe-ty
eye..... is o'er thee still;..... His loving arms..... around thee
hope..... for ev'-ry fear;..... Tho' clouds may veil.... a stormy



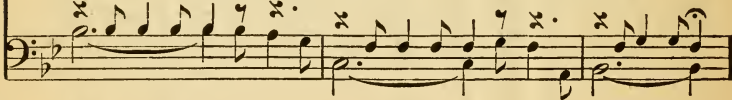
it leads thy way, To endless joy and perfect day.

way..... To endless joy..... and perfect day.....

there,..... Beneath His kind..... and gentle care.....

thrown,..... He will not leave..... thee here a-lone.....

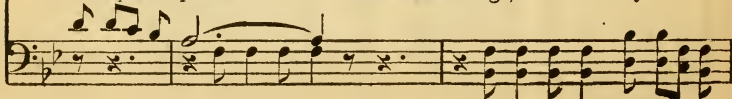
night,..... Yet joy will greet..... the morning light.....



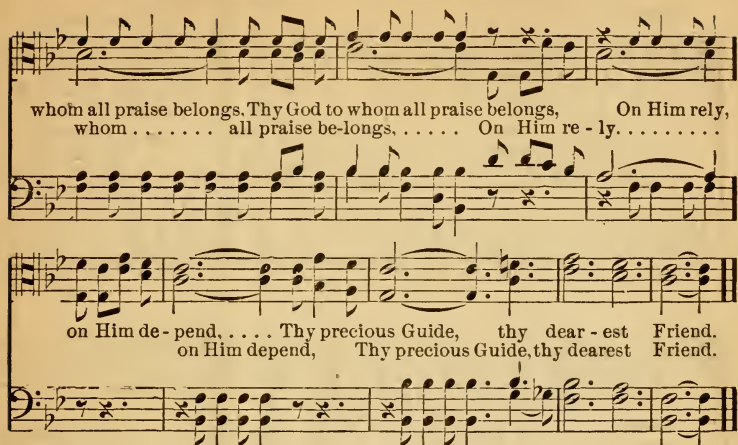
CHORUS.



Look up and praise in new-made songs, Thy God to
Look up and praise..... in new-made songs,..... Thy God to



Thy Dearest Friend—Concluded.



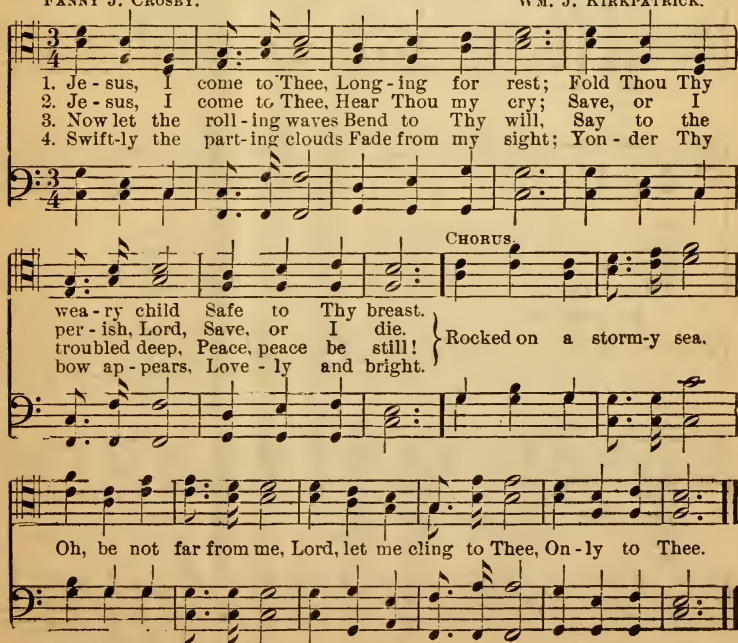
whom all praise belongs, Thy God to whom all praise belongs, On Him rely,
whom all praise be- longs, On Him re - ly.

on Him de- pend, . . . Thy precious Guide, thy dear - est Friend.
on Him depend, Thy precious Guide, thy dearest Friend.

No. 87. Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold Thou Thy
2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the
4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy

CHORUS.

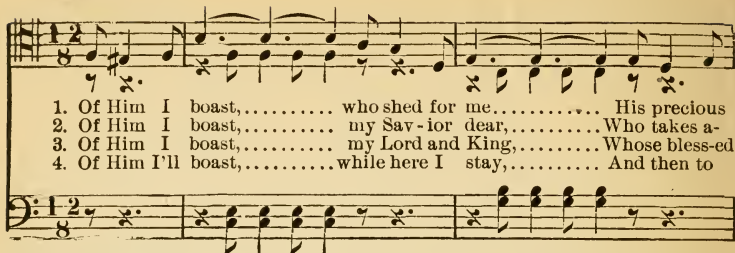
wea - ry child Safe to Thy breast.
per - ish, Lord, Save, or I die. }
troubled deep, Peace, peace be still! } Rocked on a storm - y sea.
bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

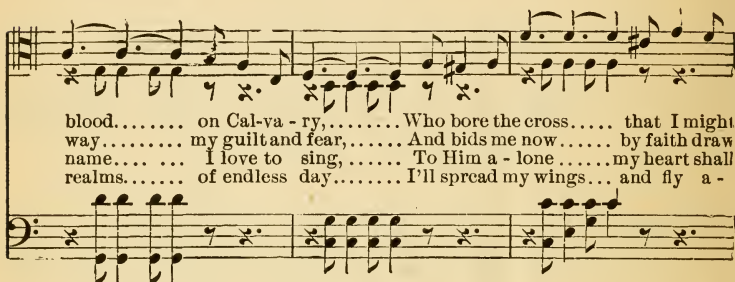
No. 88. His Child Forevermore.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Of Him I boast,..... who shed for me..... His precious
 2. Of Him I boast,..... my Sav-ior dear,..... Who takes a-
 3. Of Him I boast,..... my Lord and King,..... Whose bless-ed
 4. Of Him I'll boast,..... while here I stay,..... And then to

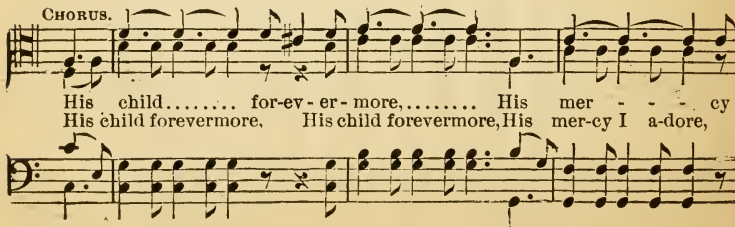


blood..... on Cal-va-ry,..... Who bore the cross..... that I might
 way..... my guilt and fear,..... And bids me now..... by faith draw
 name..... I love to sing,..... To Him a-lone..... my heart shall
 realms..... of endless day..... I'll spread my wings... and fly a-



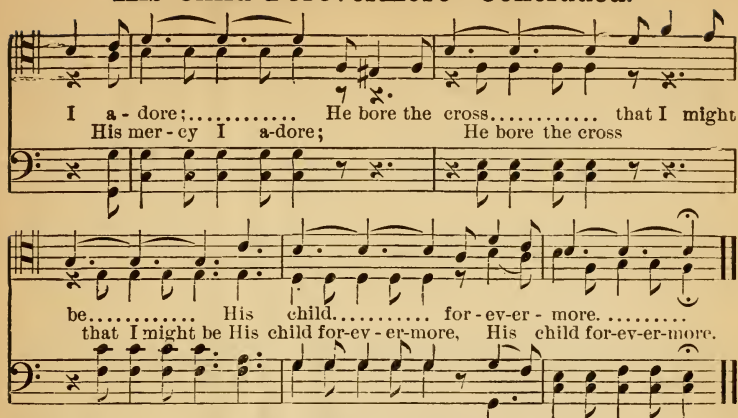
be..... His child..... for-ev-er-more.....
 near..... His child..... for-ev-er-more.....
 cling..... His child..... for-ev-er-more.....
 way,..... His child..... for-ev-er-more.....

CHORUS.



His child..... for-ev-er-more,..... His mer- - cy
 His child forevermore, His child forevermore, His mer-cy I a-dore,

His Child Forevermore—Concluded.



I a-dore;..... He bore the cross..... that I might
His mer-cy I a-dore; He bore the cross

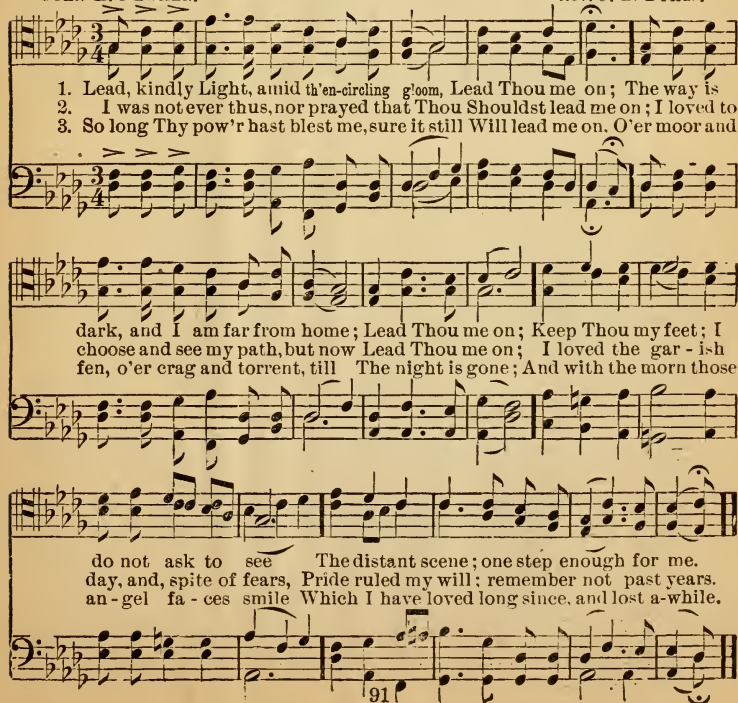
be..... His child..... for-ev-er - more.
that I might be His child for-ev-er-more, His child for-ev-er-more.

No. 89.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The way is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hast blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

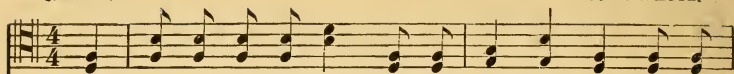
do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an-gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 90.

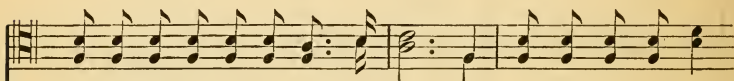
Let Us Hear You Tell It.

J. M. W.

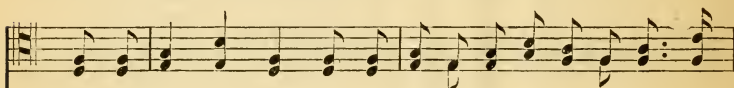
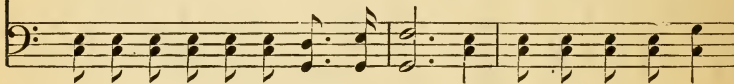
J. M. WHITE.



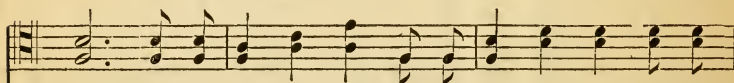
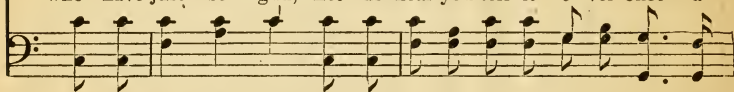
1. O broth-er, have you told how the Lord for-gave? Let us
2. When toil-ing up the way, was the Sav-ior there? Let us
3. Was ev-er on your tongue such a bless-ed theme? Let us
4. The bat-tles you have fought, and the vic-t'ries won, Let us



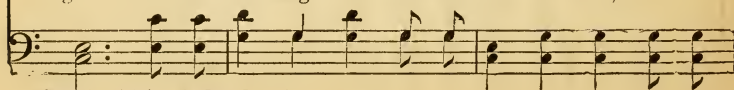
hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain; Thy com-ing to the cross,
 hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain; Did Je-sus bear you up
 hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain; 'Tis ev-er sweet-er far
 hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain; 'Twill help them on the way



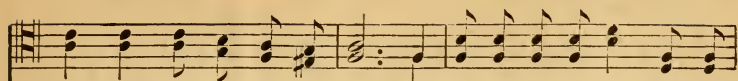
where He died to save, Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-
 in His ten-der care? Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-
 than the sweet-est dream, Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-
 who have just be-gun, Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-



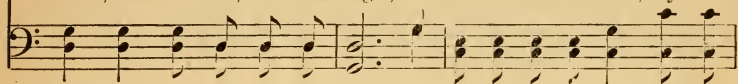
gain. Are you walk-ing now in His bless-ed light? Are you
 gain. Nev-er have you found such a friend as He, Who can
 gain. There are ach-ing hearts in the world's great throng, Who have
 gain. We are striv-ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with



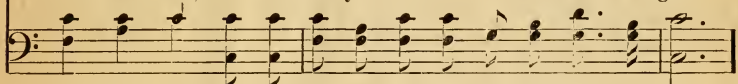
Let Us Hear You Tell It—Concluded.



cleansed from ev-'ry guilt-y stain? Is He your joy by day, and your
help you 'midst the toil and pain; Oh, all the world should hear what He's
sought for rest, and all in vain; Hold Je-sus up to them by your
Christ, our Sav-ior, we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a



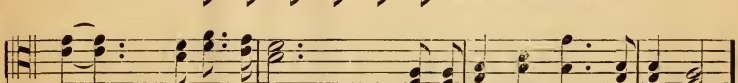
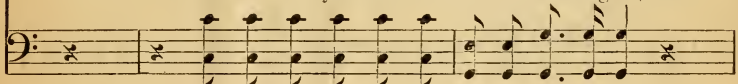
song by night? Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.
done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.
word and song; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.
soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.



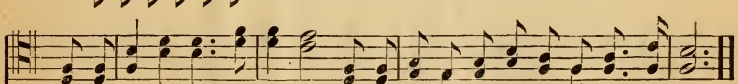
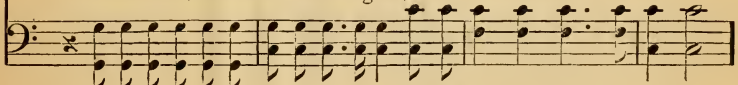
CHORUS.



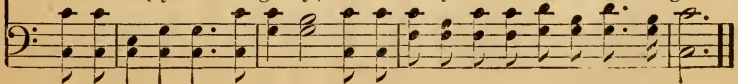
Let us hear.... you tell it o-ver, tell it
Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain,



o - - - ver once a-gain, Tell the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry,
tell it over, tell it over once again,



It will help you on to glo-ry; Let us hear you tell it o-ver once a-gain.

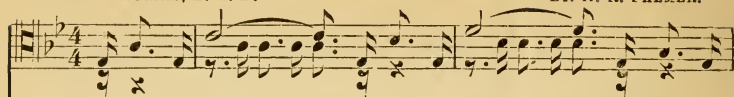


No. 91.

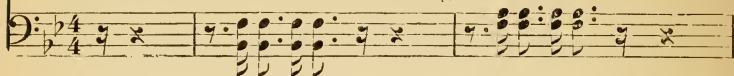
Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D.

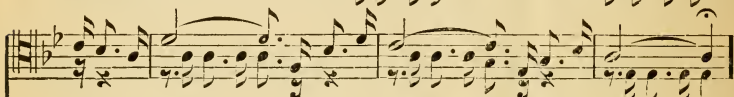
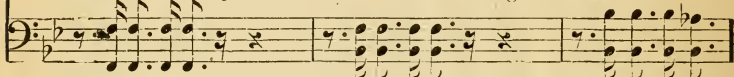
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



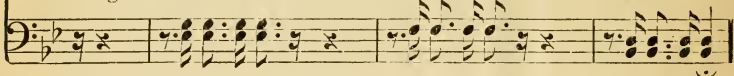
1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough,..... That makes the
 2. Each flow-ry glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who



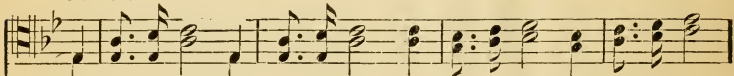
eye..... so blest to me..... Has something far.....
 birds..... in song a - gree,..... Thro' sun-ny morn.....
 walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how.....



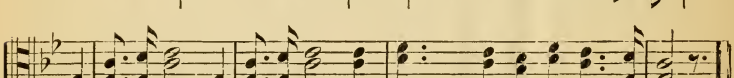
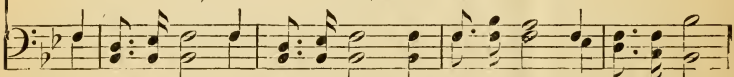
di-vin-er now;..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i - lee.....
 the praises tell,..... Of sights and sounds... in Gal-i - lee.....
 I long once more... To fol-low Him..... in Gal-i - lee.....



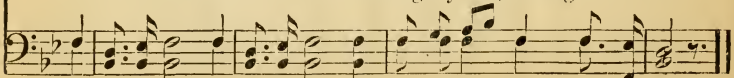
CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so much to be.



O Gal-i-lee, blue Gal-i-lee, Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.
 sing thy song a - gain to me.

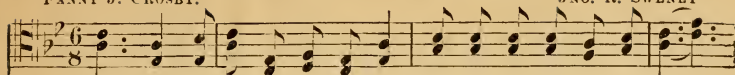


No. 92.

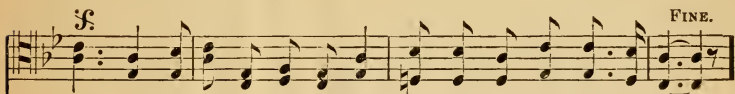
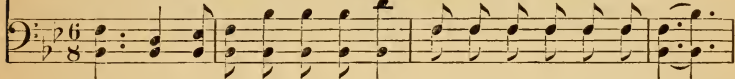
Moments of Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

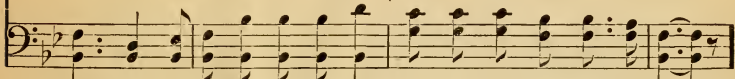
JNO. R. SWENEY



1. Rich are the moments of blessing Je-sus, my Sav-ior, be - stows;
2. Rich are the moments of blessing, Love-ly, and hallowed, and sweet.
3. Why should I ev - er grow wea-ry? Why should I faint by the way?
4. Tho' by the mist and the shadow Sometimes my sky-may be dim,



- Pure is the well of sal - va-tion Fresh from His mer - cy that flows.
 When from my la - bor at noon-tide Calm-ly I rest at His feet.
 Has He not promised to give me Strength for the toils of the day?
 Rich are the moments of blessing Spent in com-mun - ion with Him.

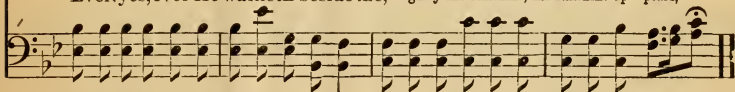


D.S.—Spreading a beau - ti - ful rain-bow O - ver the val - ley of tears.

CHORUS.



- Ev - er He walketh beside me, Bright - ly His sunshine appears,
 Ever, yes, ever He walketh beside me, Brightly His sunshine, His sunshine ap - pears,



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No. 93.

Calvary, Dear Calvary!

(Tune on opposite page.)

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHO.—O Calvary! dear Calvary!
 My longing heart is turned to Thee;
 O Calvary! dear Calvary!
 Speak to my heart from Calvary.

- 2 On Calvary's brow my Savior died;
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified;

- 'Twas on the cross He bled for me,
 And purchased there my pardon free.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
- 4 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be [me;
 That Thou shouldst give Thy life for
 To bear the cross and agony,
 In that dread hour on Calvary!

1. Oh, the winds were hushed, and the night grew fair, When the Master's voice
 2. So the heart is hushed in the storm of grief, When the Master's word
 3. There's a song of joy when that voice is heard, And new faith's upspring

brought a blessing there: The dark-rolling sea owned His sov'reign will,
 brings its sweet relief; Oh, trust, weary soul, in His holy will,
 at His blessed word; Sing on, happy heart, and His praise fulfill,

For the mighty King uttered, "peace, be still," For the mighty King
 For the King of Love whispers, "peace, be still," For the King of Love
 For the King of Love whispers, "peace, be still," For the King of Love

CHORUS.

ut-tered, "peace, be still,"
 whispers, "peace, be still," } Peace-fully, peace-fully, peacefully rest,
 whispers, "peace, be still," }

"Child of the King," on His gentle breast; Peace-fully, peace-fully,

The Winds were Hushed—Concluded.

peace-ful-ly rest, In Je - sus thou art for - ev - er blest.

No. 95. Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry pil - grim on life's path-way, Struggling on be-neath thy load;
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un-stead-y? Does thy lamp no light af-ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hushed the voi-ces fond-ly heard?
4. He will hold thee up from fall-ing, He will guide thy steps a - right;

Hear these words of con - so - la - tion, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and heav-y? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
He will strengthen each en-deav-or; He will keep thee by His might.

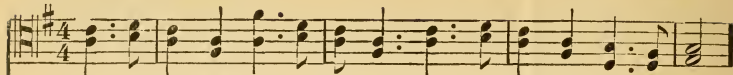
CHORUS. *f*
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And He will

p
strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy burden on the Lord. A - men.

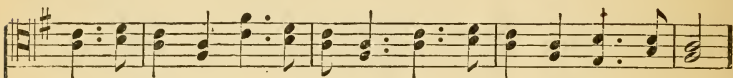
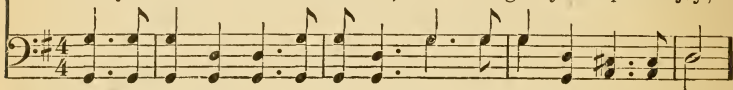
No. 96. Write a Letter to Your Mother.

Mrs. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

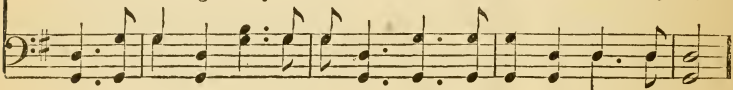
* ROBERT N. WEST.



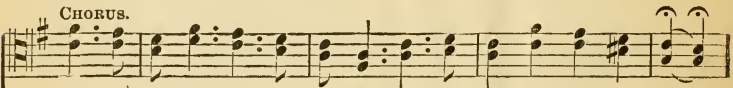
1. Oh, my friend, so far from mother, Do your footsteps sad - ly roam?
2. Does she sit a - mid the shadows You have helped to make so deep?
3. Wea - ry are her trembling footsteps As she treads the dai - ly round;
4. Give your heart to her dear Sav - ior, He will give you hope and joy;



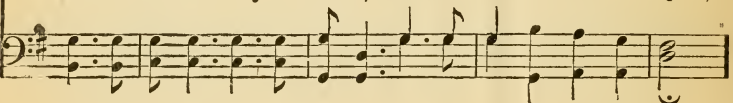
Will you list - en to her pleadings, Send a mes - sage to your home?
 Oh, re - lieve her heart of sad - ness, While the watch her love doth keep.
 Send - ing up her pray'rs to Fa - ther That her long - lost son be found.
 Send the mes - sage to your moth - er: "God has saved the wan - 'dring boy."



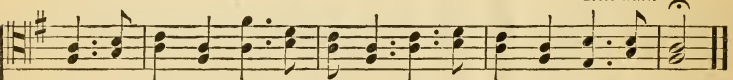
CHORUS.



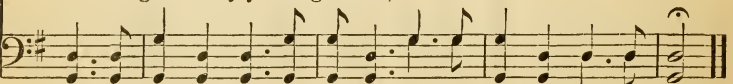
Write a let - ter to your mother, It will save her from de - spair;



Rit. dim.



It will give her joy and gladness, It will lift a load of care.



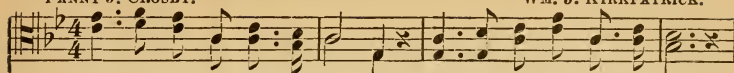
* Robert N. West is a life prisoner in Waupun, Wis., State Penitentiary. He has been for many years the leader of the choir in that institution, and has also been for several years an earnest Christian worker among the prisoners.

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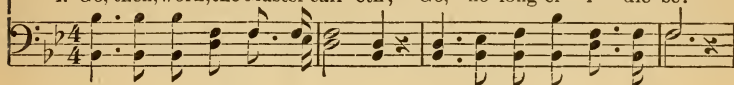
No. 97. Lo, the Golden Fields are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

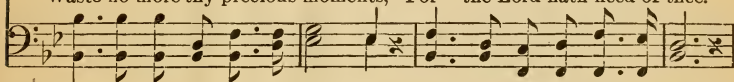
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



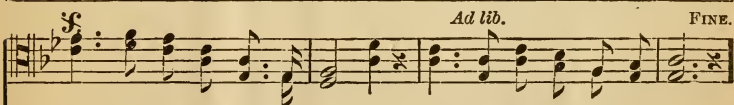
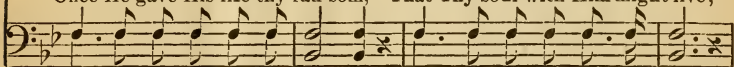
1. Lo, the gold-en fields are smil-ing, Where-fore i-dle shouldst thou be?
2. Take the balm of con-so-la-tion, That so oft has cheered thy heart;
3. Go and gath-er souls for Je-sus; Precious souls thy love may win;
4. Go, then, work, the Master call-eth; Go, no long-er i-dle be:



Great the harv-est, few the work-ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
Let some wea-ry broth-er toil - er, In thy com-fort share a part.
Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.



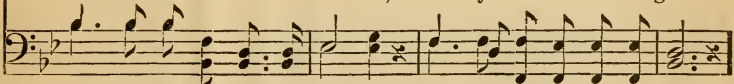
Go and work, the time is wan-ing, Let thy earn-est heart re - ply
Go and lift the heav-y bur - den He has struggled long to bear?
Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus; Work while strength and breath remain:
Once He gave His life thy ran-som, That Thy soul with Him might live;



Ad lib.

FINE.

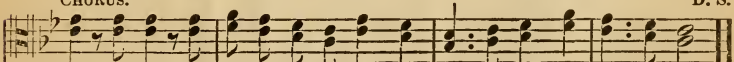
To the call so oft re-peat-ed,—“Bless-ed Mas-ter, here am I.”
Go, and kneeling down be-side him Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
What are years of con-stant la - bor To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
Now the ser-vice He de-mand-eth, Can thy heart re-fuse to give?



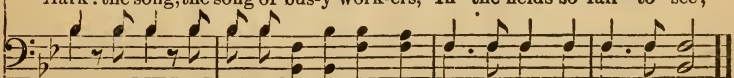
D. S. Go and fill thy place a-mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Hark! the song, the song of bus-y work-ers, In the fields so fair to see;



No. 98.

That Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. WHITE.

MARK M. JONES.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand, In the
 2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their
 3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa-ther's right hand; There are

Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where cares nev - er come,
 fruit-age is bright-er than gold; There are harps for our hands,
 man-sions whose joys are un - told; And per - en - ni - al Spring,

Nev - er dark-ness nor gloom, And nothing shall ev - er grow old.
 In that fair-est of lands, And nothing shall ev - er grow old.
 Where the birds ev - er sing, And nothing can ev - er grow old.

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful land On the far a - way strand, No

storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, Are

That Beautiful Land—Concluded.

paved with pure gold, And the sun it shall nev-er go down.

No. 99. What Will it Matter.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Melody in 2d Tenor.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
2. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
3. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether the
4. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether I

crosses were heav-y or light, Whether my pathway was cloudy or bright,
tri - als were ma-ny or few, Whether the world was unfaithful or true,
wa-ters were bit-ter or sweet, Murmuring gently or sad at my feet,
pass with the morning away, Whether at noontide or clos - ing of day.

Cres. *pp* *Ad lib.*

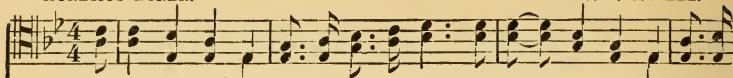
When I shall walk with the ransomed in white, Safe in that beautiful land?
When my Redeemer in glo-ry I view, Home in that beautiful land?
When the departed, with rapture, I meet, Home in that beautiful land?
When in the val-ley of E-den I stray, Home in that beautiful land?

No. 100.

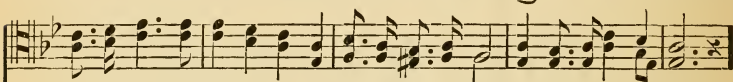
I Shall be Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR.

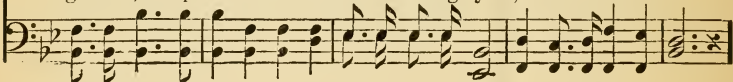
Rev. T. C. NEAL.



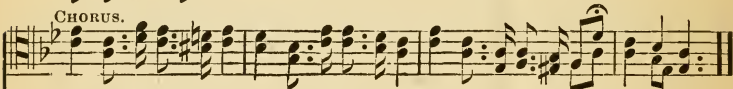
1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawning never
2. When I shall see Thy glo-ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my ea-ger arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with eye no



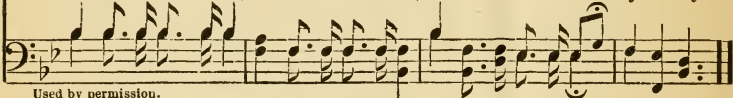
night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be sat-is-fied.
 child embrace, When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace, I shall be sat-is-fied.
 long-removed, And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved, I shall be sat-is-fied.
 longer dim, And praise Him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be sat-is-fied.



CHORUS.



I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied By and by.



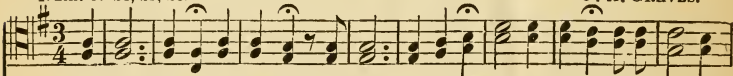
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No. 101.

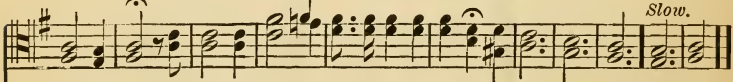
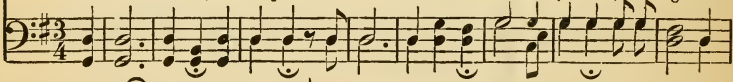
The Lord Bless Thee.

Num. 6: 24, 25, 26.

F. A. GRAVES.



The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious



un-to thee: The Lord lift up His countenance up-on thee, and give thee peace. A - men.



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